

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1859.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

The Illustrated History of the Great European War.

FRANK LESLIE begs to announce to the public that he will commence in the next number of his

ILLUSTRATED PAPER

the publication of a

COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE GREAT WAR

now waging in Europe, ILLUSTRATED WITH PICTURES that can be relied on, and not mere fancy sketches manufactured for the occasion.

These will include Portraits and life-like sketches of the principal personages concerned, with

MAPS, PLANS AND VIEWS

of the places, together with GRAPHIC PICTURES of the most remarkable incidents. These will be fully explained by the reading matter.

Our next number will contain an ACCURATE MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR and other pictures, &c.

THE ENGLISH YACHT ST. URSULA.

Among the arrivals at this port on Sunday, the 15th instant, was the British yacht St. Ursula, Captain Cairnie.

The St. Ursula is one of the Royal Yacht Club squadron, is owned

by Mr. Tennent of Glasgow, and sails under the Admiralty flag, by permission of the British Government.

She is one hundred and ninety-two tons, yacht measurement, and one hundred and fifty-six tons register, and is topsail schooner rigged.

The St. Ursula left the Clyde, April 15th, and made the Azores in ten days, and the whole voyage out in thirty days.

She experienced very fine weather until a few days previous to her arrival, when a heavy gale came on, forcing her to lie-to for twenty-four hours.

After leaving the Azores, she fell in with a water-logged and abandoned hulk, supposed to be an American barque.

In latitude 32°05' north, and longitude 44°05' west, she spoke an American brigantine, from St. Thomas to Boston, twenty days out. In consequence of having picked up the crew of a wrecked vessel, (name unknown), the captain of the brigantine was short of provisions, and was supplied from the St. Ursula. Owing to the hurry of meeting, and also a thick haze which prevailed at the time, the name of the brigantine was not ascertained.

The accommodations of the St. Ursula are of a very roomy character, as she was built with a view to comfort as well as speed.

Her crew numbers twelve men, and she also carries six passengers, namely, the owner, his three nieces, and two gentlemen friends. One of these latter met with a severe accident during the run out, having, in consequence of the slippery state of the deck, fallen and broken his arm.

The party intend spending some time in this country, making a

tour of our principal cities and places of attraction, Niagara of course amongst the number.

Their stay here will doubtless permit them to witness the coming regatta of the New York Yacht Club on the first Thursday in June, though their yacht will not be a competitor, as she would have to be altered to a fore-and-aft rig before she would be admissible. It is to be hoped, however, that she will accompany the yachts over the course, so as to let the yachting men of this country see a little of her quality.

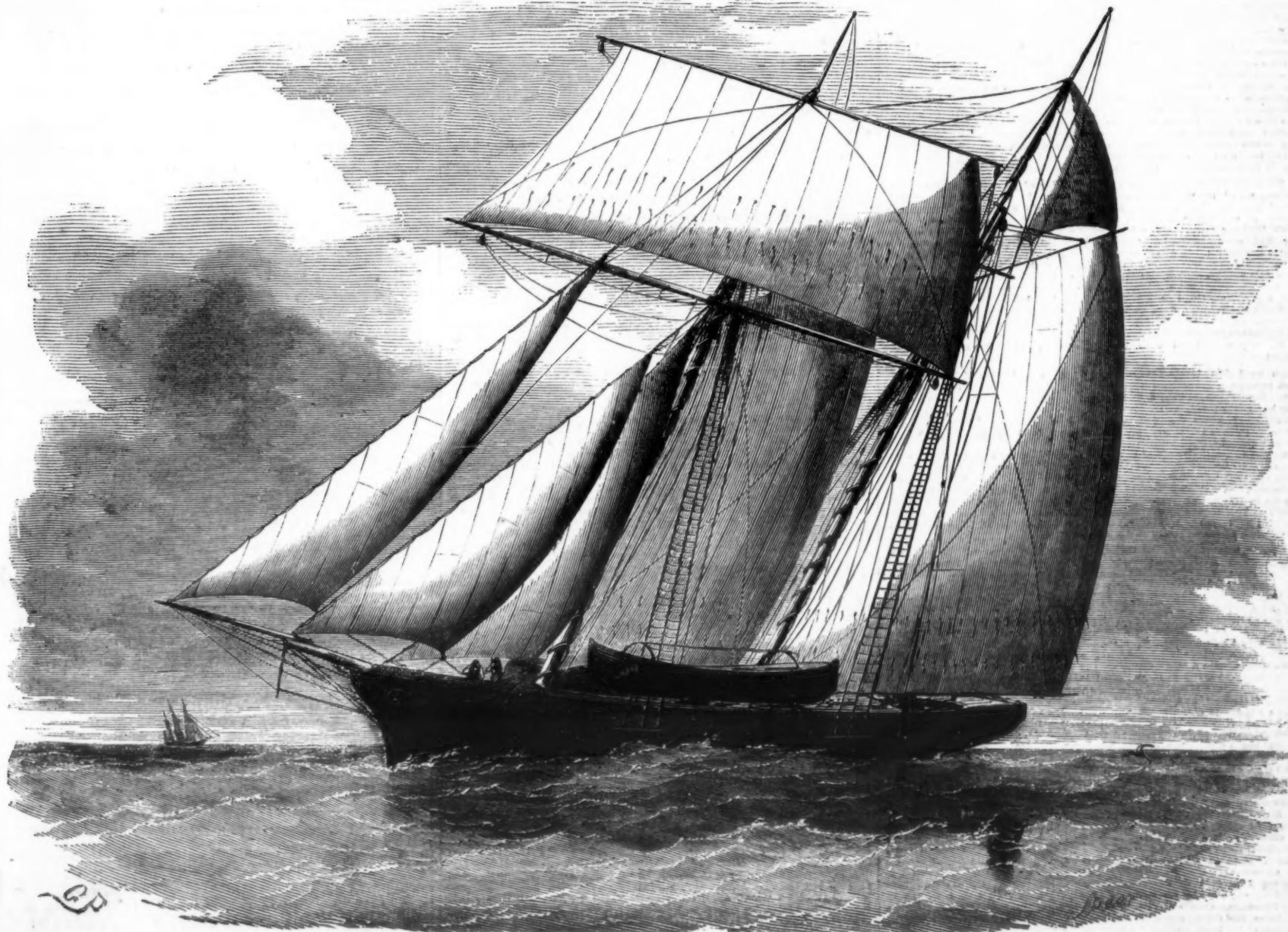
Notwithstanding these disadvantages, she was too fast for the pilot boats coming up, and she had to be hove-to before one of them could get on board. She also overtook a clipper ship coming in, which was eight miles ahead of her when first sighted.

In her best days she has been known to make fourteen knots an hour, and whilst in the possession of her former owner, an English nobleman of sporting celebrity, beat a number of the crack boats of the Royal Yacht Club.

We subjoin a few of the dimensions of the vessel, spars, &c., which were kindly furnished us by the chief officer, to whom we beg to return our best thanks.

Length over all	-	-	-	120 feet.
Beam	-	-	-	21½ "
Bowprit	-	-	-	37 "
Mainmast	-	-	-	62½ "
Foremast	-	-	-	55 "
Foreyard	-	-	-	46 "
Mainboom	-	-	-	54 "

From the above measurements it will be seen that the St. Ursula,



THE ENGLISH PLEASURE YACHT, ST. URSULA, LATELY ARRIVED AT THIS PORT FROM SCOTLAND

although in sea-going trim, carries much more canvas than ordinary vessels of her size.

Yachting is in England a very different amusement to what it is here, the English yacht owners not being satisfied in looking on while the work is done, but doffing their coats and lending a hand wherever assistance is needed, they give it rather the character of hard work than mere amusement.

Their voyages are not limited to a brief run outside some lightship and back, but they take long stretches at sea, sometimes a cruise down the Mediterranean, and don't mind fresh air and a little less luxurious fare than ordinary.

Yachting is now carried to such an extent in England, that a list of the clubs may not be inappropriate, and the more especially as more attention is paid to it in this country than hitherto.

The Clubs which held regattas last year are:

Royal Yacht Club,	Royal Cork Yacht Club,
Royal Harwich Yacht Club,	Royal Mersey Yacht Club,
Royal Northern Yacht Club,	Royal Southern Yacht Club,
Royal Victoria Yacht Club,	Royal St. George Yacht Club,
Royal Thames Yacht Club,	Royal Welsh Yacht Club,
Royal Western Yacht Club,	Royal Yorkshire Yacht Club,
Royal London Yacht Club,	Prince of Wales Yacht Club,
Royal Boston Yacht Club,	
Clyde Model,	Birkenhead Model,
Cornwall,	Beaumaris,
Great Yarmouth,	Holyhead,
Howth,	Irish Model,
Isle of Man,	Kinsale,
London Model Yacht,	Malshide,
Pembroke,	Morecambe Bay,
Ranelagh,	Plymouth,
Swansea,	Tenby,
Torrey,	Walton on the Naze,
Wellington,	Weymouth.

The yachts carry on an average about eight men, and as there are over a thousand in the United Kingdom, they form a force of about eight thousand of the best seamen, from which the British navy can be recruited in time of war.

GONE BEFORE.

MARY and many a joy, Mary, has come and gone with the years,
Since first in each other's eyes we saw the light of the sky—
I only know I am old by counting the smiles and the tears,
That fed the love-blossoms a bloom in the days gone by!

Still, without a thought or a prayer, Mary, that is not memory-born,
I stand on the dreariest side of threescore summers and odd;
And our souls converse in the sighs our bosoms have cherished and worn,
And I grope in the wonderful glooms of thy soul for God!

Hope and delight still kneel, Mary, though the darkness has fallen at last,
In the dead of the breathless night round the singing corn,
And I would not barter to-day for all my passionate past,
To day, with its skeleton faith, for the hour when my love was born!

Golden-lipp'd glances of love, Mary, write song on my heart no more,
Sing I no longer mad ballads of roses and yellow hair—
The easy signs of my youth are gone with the days that are o'er,
And, nurst in her lap I toy with the silver ringlets of Care!

All this is folly as well, Mary, as I could wish it to be,
Contented I smile, by the dark of mine own dead delights possessed—
But could the best blood at my heart give thee back for a moment to me,
I would lay me down and die like a bird or a flower on thy breast!

DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

Suicide of a Little Girl.—The *Greenfield Gazette* gives the following account of a touching case of suicide by a little girl eight years old, daughter of Warren Leonard, at Deerfield, on Saturday, April 30:

"About four o'clock in the afternoon her mother had occasion to scold her for some little misdeed, when she became very much excited, and shut herself in a room, where she remained about an hour, when her mother called her to the kitchen. Her little brother, aged six and a half years, then requested her to go out and play with him. She then left the house with him, saying she would go to the river and drown herself, and started across the meadows upon a run, her little brother following. When they came to the river she said to him if he would take her clothes back to the house she would take them off. He tried to prevent her, but she said she should be happy after she should be in the water, and took off her bonnet, when her brother caught hold of her dress to prevent her going in. She broke from him, and walked into the water where it was low at the shore. He watched her until she reached a sufficient depth for the current to carry her out of his sight, when he ran home and gave the alarm. It is the opinion of both parents that she was insane. She had been an easy child to govern before, and the correction at this time was only done by talking. No other method was used."

A Strange Fact.—The case of the murder of Jones, the master of an American vessel, on the Canada side of Lake Erie, by one of the deputy marshals of Michigan, has been made the subject of complaint by the British Minister, as a violation of British waters under the Ashburton treaty. The British Minister demands the body of the marshal of our Government, in order that he may be tried for the murder under British laws. The facts in the case are these: An attachment against the schooner *Concord*, of Lexington, Captain Jones, was placed in the hands of Deputy Marshal Tyler. To escape this process of law, Captain Jones carried his vessel into the English waters of the lake. Tyler followed him, and the result was the shooting of Jones, who died on the American side. Tyler has been tried for murder, convicted of manslaughter, fined one dollar and confined thirty days.

There seems to be in every State too great a disposition to use the revolver. This violence in the police leads to murder in the others. No respect to law can be fully maintained when those who ought to be its guardians are its violators.

Men and Monkeys.—Some few days ago a gentleman of Nassau street struck another, because his wife did not return a call the other one's wife had made. It seems that one wife had left a card at the house of the other's wife, which had never reached her. A duel was expected, and Hoboken is the spot selected—near where the immortal Hamilton was shot. We affectionately offer to these pugacious warriors the following little extract from "Wood's Book of Nature":

"Monkeys have their code of etiquette as well as men; and, as they do not possess cards, the correct mode in which a monkey announces its presence to a human visitor is by dropping a piece of stick upon him. If no one is taken down comes another stick, and if that does not cause him to look up, several more are let fall upon him until his attention is drawn to the assembly in the branches. This point having been gained, the next point is to let the intruder know that his company is undesirable, and that the sooner he takes his departure the more agreeable it will be for all parties."

A Counterfeiting Canal Boat Captain and Country Merchant.—Important arrests.—For some time past skillfully altered bills upon leading banks of the city and banks in the interior of the State have been in abundant circulation, and the commensurate skill with which the alterations have been effected has puzzled bank cashiers as well as entailed serious loss upon those receiving the bills. Expert detectives in the Police Department have united their efforts to obtain a clue to the counterfeiters, but without the least success. At length the manufacturer and utterer has been discovered, and his arrest effected in a very roundabout and remarkable way. Jacob Williams, captain of a tow-boat, arrived, a few days since, at one of the North River wharves, with a cargo of oats. The boat was seized for debt, and a deputy sheriff took charge of Captain Williams. The captain was social and communicative, and it was not long before he boasted of having been very successful in "shoving the queer." After Williams had confessed this much, and shown a pile of altered bills, he was questioned as to where he obtained the bills, but he refused to give the slightest information. He was taken to the Harbor Police Station, and promised that he should be let out of the scrape if he would make a clean breast of it, but he was obdurate. A diet of dry bread and water was prescribed; but he continued firm. He was taken to the Franklin Market Station, where dry bread and water was continued with like result. He was placed in a cell in the Eighth Ward Station House, and pure bread and water had its effect; and Mr. Sims, proprietor of a large country store at Camillus, was discovered to be the bill alterer. Deputy Marshal De Angelis and officer Shelton proceeded to Camillus. They found him behind his counter, waiting upon customers. Aware of the desperate character they had to deal with—they had learned that he had spent one term in State's Prison for some offence—the officers produced their revolvers, and made known their business. Sims was handcuffed, and a thorough search made of his premises. Printing presses, plates, dies, colorings, and a complete stock of counterfeit ing apparatus were found. The book-keeper of Sims, a young man named Bishop, was also arrested, and the officers proceeded with their prisoners to Syracuse. On the way, Sims suddenly sprang from the wagon, leaped a high fence, and darted across a ploughed field. Three pistol shots, aimed in the direction of his head, stopped his running. He was taken before a magistrate, and committed to answer in default of \$20,000 bail. No evidence appearing Bishop, he was released. Captain Williams is still in the Eighth Ward

Station, but in the enjoyment of a higher grade of diet than bread and water. He will probably be sent to State's evidence.

Results of Drink.—The fatal effects of intemperance are generally closed by death; but all precept or example seems thrown away upon even the best-hearted men when the fatal passion is once rooted in the mind; it is only one man in a million who possesses strength of purpose sufficient to break from the chain; the right slave has an easy time of it on his way from South Carolina to Boston, compared with the retreat from Banehna. The following is one of the warning cases which met us at every point:

Coroner Gushie held an inquest, on Monday night, upon the body of John H. Allen, book-keeper for Mr. Addison G. Bickford, doing business at No. 23 Murray street, who committed suicide on Sunday, while laboring under an attack of delirium tremens, by jumping into the dock foot of Twenty-second street, North River. The deceased was not habitually intemperate, but whenever he indulged in the free use of ardent spirits he was attacked with delirium. His wife, fearing that he would destroy himself on Sunday, locked him in a room, but he managed to release himself, and then ran to the river. The Coroner's Jury rendered a verdict of "Suicide by Drowning."

Sanchez the Murderer.—It was mentioned a few days ago that Felix Sanchez, a Cuban mulatto, who, in January last, killed his father-in-law, and stabbed his wife and mother-in-law in New York, had been arrested at New Orleans. The *See* further informs us:

"He was hid away in a Spaniard's house some fifteen days in New York. The Spaniard then took him to Baltimore, and by reason of his naturally dark skin managed to sell him as a negro for \$1,400. He was subsequently taken to Mobile, where he was sold to a Mr. Brooks, and subsequently to a Mr. Ledbetter, who sent him here to be sold by a Mr. Foster. The latter put him in the parish prison for safe keeping, where he was subsequently identified as the alleged murderer. Sanchez is said to be the child of a free negro in Cuba, and the son of a wealthy Cuban planter. He has a wealthy uncle, he says, in New York, and was born in Trinidad de Cuba. The accused doubtless had to submit to being sold as a slave to prevent being exposed as a murderer."

Our readers will remember that for nearly six months this man had escaped the police. On the Monday, we published his portrait, and on the Friday he was apprehended. This fact speaks for itself as to the utility of our undertaking.

Tragic Affair.—An inquest was held by Coroner Jackson, on Saturday, at No. 114 Ridge street, upon the body of Mrs. Banefreund, who was burned to death under the following circumstances: One of her children having died, in accordance with the custom of her country, she and her husband laid the little body upon straw on the floor, and lighted the lamp of mourning at the head. While they were performing these last sad offices for the dead, some one in the yard cried out that a child had fallen into the cellar. Supposing that it was their own child who had been playing in the yard, Mr. and Mrs. Banefreund ran to the window and looked out, when Mrs. B.'s dress came in contact with the lamp, and before she was aware of the fact, she was enveloped in flames. Her husband ran to her assistance, and did what he could to extinguish the flames, but was himself very badly burned. Some neighbors came in and stifled the fire with wet blankets, but the poor woman was so badly burned that she died on Friday night.

News from Sing Sing.—Chauncey Johnson, the notorious counterfeit, made his escape from the prison at this place. Rumor says that he was carried out in a wagon by a young man in the employ of C. H. Woodruff & Co., who is in the habit of passing in and out all hours of the day. The young man was immediately arrested and brought before Justice Urry for examination.

A few days since, a desperate convict, by the name of Bennett, after having been put through the bucking process—a mode of punishment recently introduced—made fight upon the principal keeper and other officers, and was only subdued after a severe contest. During the affray, in which Bennett was considerably injured, he ran into the cabinet shop, crying, "They are killing me," and called upon the convicts in that shop for help. At first some of them started to assist Bennett, but were repulsed by Mr. Guillick, the principal keeper, who, with his revolver in his hand, ordered every one of them back to their work, and the disturbance was quelled without injury.

The Exploits of Two Thieves.—Louis Eralist and Marteno Seanoff, two Italian thieves, recently from the State Prison, went into the jewelry store of Mr. John K. Davis, at No. 33 Catherine street, on Saturday, and asked for some rings. The boy who was waiting in the store showed them a case containing forty-one rings, worth between \$50 and \$80. While he was attending to another customer, the light-fingered fellows grabbed the ring and darted out of the store. A policeman happening to be handy gave chase, and succeeded in capturing them both. One of them attempted to use a knife upon the officer, but was doubled up for his pains by a kick in the stomach. He then quietly submitted to be taken before Justice Steers. While their case was under consideration in court, the attention of the judge and his officers was diverted from them for a moment by the antics of a drunken man, when they slipped to the door and then sped away like deer. As they emerged from the court-room, however, their flight was discovered, and an officer as fleet as they put after, and succeeded in overhauling them before they had got many blocks, and brought them back to court. The judge committed them for trial.

Mormon Enormities.—On Saturday evening about five hundred of the Mormon emigrants that arrived in the city on Friday from Europe, left for the West by the Albany steamer Isaac Newton. The Mormon agents stationed here, having received positive instructions from President Brigham Young to send all emigrants in future early in the season, in order to avoid the calamities of being caught in early winter on the Plains, as in 1856, used every dispatch, and in thirty hours from landing in Castle Garden they were again in motion up the Hudson, to emigration business the Mormon chief conceives his plans, makes all contracts, sets the whole machinery in motion, and superintends everything and everybody. Without employees to assist, he calls in action the willing hands of the emigrants themselves, and teaches them that they are the most interested in what has to be done, and holds forth the virtue of useful labor. Carrying out matters in this style, the five hundred did all their luggage business at Castle Garden, got to the depot of the Michigan Central Railroad with all their children and baggage, and were ready at the appointed hour to bid good bye to New York. The company had a very large amount of baggage. In addition to their usual free baggage with each ticket, they had nearly 6,000 pounds extra; altogether they had upwards of 50,000 pounds.

Bad for Pigs and Pig Eaters.—Mr. Wiley Crafton, a farmer of Pleasant Plains, Sangamon county, writes to the *State Register*, under the date of May 5th, as follows:

"Last night I fed my hogs as usual; they all seemed to be feeding and doing well on pasture. I went to the pasture this morning about 8 o'clock, and found seventy hogs dead, and many that were dying. At 10 o'clock, there were ninety dead, and at 12 o'clock, one hundred and nine. The average length of time that they would live after taking it, would be from fifteen to thirty minutes. All efforts to administer relief were in vain."

This fatal disease is carrying away large numbers of hogs in the vicinity of Decatur. It is said that Sangamon river bottom is covered with their dead bodies.

The Shirt Folds Again.—If there be one crime worse than another—one that plunges a man deeper into public odium than anything else, it is robbing the orphan and fatherless. We cordially endorse these remarks of Mr. Beach.

"Several statements, reports and resolutions respecting a difficulty between two sewing women and a Mr. Thompson have appeared in our columns within a few days. The very last was some resolutions purporting to have been passed by the Board of Directors of the American Industrial Association. We shall give place to no more. It is time to sum up the case. After sifting the wheat from the chaff so far as is able, we think Messrs. Joseph Hoxie, J. Stewart, L. C. Cox, Rev. Fred Steier, Rev. Dr. McManis, Rev. J. Cook and Joseph R. Wickerson, who are represented to be the Board of Directors of the American Industrial Association, owe it to themselves and to the public to enter at once upon a searching investigation, not only of the matter now at issue, but also of all the doings (and misdoings, if such there be) under cover of their sanction. This they cannot do without making inquiry outside of their own premises. Should their investigation include an invitation to Judge Quackenbush and the employees who have recently left or been discharged from their rooms, to appear before them, we believe they would, in the end, reconder the resolutions published yesterday, and perhaps adopt others of tenor entirely different."

Terrible Calamity.—On Tuesday afternoon last, Mr. William Dempsey was struck by lightning and instantly killed. The circumstances are as follows: Mr. Wm. Dempsey and his father, John Dempsey, were on their way to Decatur, and when within two or three miles north of the city, and near Hickory Grove, a thunder storm came up. The father was driving his team, and some eighty or ninety feet in front of the son, when he was suddenly struck by the shock of the lightning. Upon recovering his consciousness and seeing his horse, who was maddly rearing, he looked around for his son. Imagine his consternation when he beheld both horses apparently dead and his son missing. Upon going to the wagon, he found him stretched upon his back, a lifeless corpse. Dr. Goodrich was soon after called to the scene of the disaster, and though every effort was made to restore him, all proved unavailing. The lightning struck him on the back part of the head, searing the hair, and cutting his head—passed down his body, tearing his boots from his feet, and thence through the wagon. It has seldom been our duty to record so sudden and terrible a death. The parties were in the open prairie at the time.

Pike's Peak Distraction.—The St. Joseph correspondent of the *Democrat* notices the arrival at that place of one hundred Pike's Peakers, who give a gloomy account of the mining prospects and suffering on the Plains. It is estimated that 20,000 men are now on their way, all or most of whom being destitute of money and the necessities of life are perfectly reckless, and desperate threats are made of burning Omaha, St. Johns, Leavenworth and other towns, in consequence of the deception used to induce emigration. Two thousand men are reported fifty miles west of Omaha in a starving condition. Some of the residents at Plattsmouth have closed up their business and fled, fearing violence at the hands of the enraged emigrants.

Revolt Case.—A fight for the possession of a dead body came off in Chicago last Tuesday. Two brothers, named Patrick and Edward Murphy, were arrested for assault and battery on Peter Mullen. It was shown that Mullen married for his second wife a sister of the two Murphys. Some time since she died, and her body has since remained in the vault of the cemetery. On the 3d inst., Mullen had a grave dug upon a lot which he owned, and was proceeding to bury his wife therein, when the two Murphys and their mother interfered, and declared that she should not lie in his lot; that he had always

abused her while living; that he already had one wife buried there, and that was enough; and they would bury her themselves. A free fight ensued, which resulted in the Murphys coming off victorious, and carrying the body away with them, after they had thrashed the husband; and then they buried the corpse on their own lot.

Scandalous.—The following bit of scandal appears in the *Norwich (Conn.) Courier*. A young man in this place, not many nights since, jumped from a third-story window to the ground, to escape from quarters that were becoming anything but comfortable by the unlooked-for return of an absent husband, who was expected to have remained away for the night. The lady attended the door in person, and welcomed her lord in such an enthusiastic manner as conveyed to the lover up stairs unmistakable notice that while she detained the father of the family below, it was time for him to leave—and he did leave.

A Little Mistake at Stewart's.—A country gentleman, came to town to attend the anniversary, recently visited Stewart's, with the laudable intention of buying his cows a new dress. One of the clerks, especially skillful in the urging of a sale, undertook to show him how a piece of goods would look made into a dress, by placing it over one of the show frames or "dummies." The gentleman admired it for a time, surveyed it in all points, and was just about to render his final decision, when his eyes fell on the form of another "dummy," on which was paraded a very showy piece of silk. The gentleman approached "dummy" from behind, was pleased with the general look of the dress, and took it up to better examine its material. "Phancy his fellocks" as, when he had lifted it a foot or more from the floor, he discovered a "pair of legs." Fact is, he had come across a "live female" and not a "dummy." Gent left Stewart's in a hasty but dignified manner. Some gentlemen evidently do not know a dummy from one of the fair originals. This argues much in favor of provincial innocence.

Seventh Regiment.—This famous Regiment had its annual Spring parade on Monday, when they marched to the Fashion Racecourse, Long Island. The weather was very fine, which of course added a superior relish to the whole affair.

At 7½ o'clock precisely, the regimental line was formed in Lafayette place, and preceded by Noll's band, the line of march was taken up to the Greenpoint ferry, at the foot of Tenth street, and thence by boat to Hunter's Point, where cars were in readiness to carry the regiment to within a short distance of the racecourse.

Immediately on arriving there, the several companies commenced, separately, practising different manoeuvres; and the Sixth Company, who excelled as skirmishers, showed a proficiency which, in time of need, would prove invaluable. The number of men and officers paraded was 663.

There were in attendance over ten thousand persons, a large portion of whom were ladies, and the Regiment may proudly claim, that the Fashion Course has seldom contained within its enclosure so fashionable and respectable an assembly as that of Monday. A number of gamblers had established face banks, &c., within a stone's throw of the Course, but Sheriff Boyd, of Queen's County, immediately ordered them to desist; and as they paid no attention to his command, he arrested some of them and conveyed them to Astoria jail, when the rest fled, cursing the sheriff and his whole posse.

Among the notable guests were General Hall, Col. Coeks, Bostwick, Col. Chickering, of Boston, Prof. Morrison, of William and Mary College, Va., and a large delegation from Richmond, Va., who came expressly to witness this parade, and also a number of well known personages.

At 11½ A. M. the regimental line was formed, and Col. Duryea commenced to exercise the men in the manual of arms; in the performance of which the regiment did wonders, and drew great applause from the thousands of spectators. The firing was with blank cartridges, and the discharges "by battalion" and by "company," were given with such accuracy, that it seemed like the discharge of one weapon.

The troop under command of Captain Perley acted as an opposing cavalry, and the charges and repulses were given in fine shape. One thing was entirely out of order, and that was in allowing General Hall to review the troops and receive a salute while dressed in citizen's clothes. Altogether, the affair was a successful one, and reflected credit on the officers who have brought out such a high state of discipline.

At 6½ o'clock P. M. the regiment returned to the city, well worn out with the day's work. It is rumored that the regiment will encamp for about a week during the coming summer, and the encampment will probably be either at Hudson, N. Y., or the Fashion Racecourse.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The arrival of the Canada brings us news to the 7th. The celebrated Baron Humboldt died at Berlin on Friday 6th inst. The material gain at the British elections is computed at 25. The banking house which had suspended at Vienna was that of Cornalein & Koter, and the amount of their liabilities was £2,000,000.

The War in Italy.

No battle had yet been fought. The Austrians crossed the Po, and made a further advance into Piedmont, but the inundations are said to have compelled them to make a partial retreat.

The Austrians were repulsed in an effort to cross the Po at Francetto, with considerable loss.

The disastrousness of the Austrians excites great surprise. Their vanguard was at Fronsaro.

The Emperor of Austria was preparing to take the chief command in Italy.

The Sardinians, it was reported, had seized all the Austrian merchant vessels at Genoa.

The French in a few days would muster a hundred thousand troops in Piedmont.

The Emperor Napoleon remained in Paris, but was expected to start for the army on the 12th.

There are whispers of martial law in Paris after his departure.

Marshal Vaillant and Count Walewski are appointed members of the Privy Council.

General Randon succeeds to the Ministry of War, and M. Royer becomes President of the Senate.

M. Delangle retires from the Ministry of the Interior to the Ministry of Justice, and the Duke of "Padoue" becomes Minister of the Interior.

There had been no well attested proof of collision as yet between the Austrian and Sardinian armies, but one was expected at any moment.

Napoleon had sent a formal declaration of war to his Legislative, announcing his intention to head his army.

The French were pouring into Piedmont.

Some engagements are reported, but the intelligence is not confirmed. A battle was expected about the 5th.

The French Minister at Vienna and the Austrian Minister at Paris had both quitted their posts.

Austrian troops were concentrating along the Sesia, and had occupied Verceil.

Trieste and the surrounding territory had been declared in a state of siege.

The Dutch Government had applied to the Chambers for a credit of £500,000.

On May 2d, the Austrians made an unsuccessful effort to cross the Po near "Trassinetto." The Sardinian account says the cannonade lasted fifteen hours. It recommenced on the afternoon of the 4th and lasted the remainder of the day. The Piedmontese had but few wounded, while the Austrians suffered severely.

The Austrians on the 3d commenced a cannonade from the direction of Valenza, without much effect.

An official bulletin issued at Turin on the 4th, says the Austrians have increased the forces at Verceil, and constructed defensive works. They have also occupied Trino and Bioglio, having their vanguard at Tronzo.

They withdrew last night from Tortona. Yesterday they burnt seven arches of the bridge over the Scrivia at Piacenza. They have also ordered the demolition of the houses erected upon the fortifications.

A large portion of the French army had been unable to cross the Alps, in consequence of the passes being blocked with snow. Those who had crossed suffered severely.

It is reported that Prince Napoleon will command a corps of 25,000 men on the shores of the Adriatic.

The correspondent of the *Daily News* asserts positively that France is about to mobilize between seven and eight hundred thousand men, and that the French army on the Rhine will amount to five hundred thousand, as the Emperor fears that G-ranny will not remain quiet.

The same correspondent also asserts that on the day the Emperor quits Paris he will address a solemn manifesto to Europe, espousing the cause of the nationalities.

An Austrian corps of observation will be posted near Craoov to watch the Russians, who were gathering on the Austrian frontier.

The citizens of Milan had been ordered to deliver up the arms in their possession.

The Russian Consul at Venice had undertaken the protection of the Sardinian subjects.

The Prince Archbishop of Vienna had issued a pastoral letter attacking the enemies of Piedmont and the ambition of Napoleon, and the opinion is expressed that war is not the greatest of evils, but is often a glorious work accomplished in the service of equity.

A counter revolution by the troops had taken place in Parma in favor of the Dignified Government. The reigning Duchess had re-entered Parma.

VIENNA, May 16, 1859.—An official bulletin from General Gyula reports that "on Wednesday we made a demonstration near Candea and Frassinetto. Our side had twenty wounded. Near Cornale we have thrown a bridge over the Po, have crossed it and fortified the head of the bridge. Yesterday on the railroad near Verona a train filled with troops came in collision with some ammunition wagons, and some exploded. Twenty three men were killed and one hundred and twenty-four wounded."

LONDON, Saturday.—The Austrians appeared to be retreating, but nothing was known of the object of their manoeuvres.

Mr. H. St. John Midway is to accompany the headquarters of the Austrian army as British Commissioner, and Colonel Cameron will accompany the Sardinian army in a similar capacity.

Dr. Lardner was dead.

The Prince of Wales had embarked at Civita Vecchia on board a British man-of-war for Gibraltar.

The Duke of Leeds was dead. He was the husband of Miss Caton, of Maryland.

It was said that Count Persigny would certainly be the French Ambassador to London.
It was reported in military circles that the Ministers intend to call out the whole militia, and to add fifty new battalions to the line.
Lord Cowley, the British Ambassador at Paris, reached London on Friday, and had a protracted interview with Lord Malmesbury.
There was considerable animation in the English Naval Department. Additional vessels were being placed in commission, and recruiting was actively going on.

ROME.

MAY 6, 1859.—Rome is most tranquil. The French troops are not to leave. Six thousand Austrians have arrived at Ancona since the 30th, with provisions for six months.
Sir Moses Montefiore has failed in his mission to the Pope of Rome, on behalf of the child Mortara.

PRUSSIA.

In the Chamber of Deputies the Foreign Minister has made a statement of political affairs. He said that Prussia was pursuing the object of watching over the safety of Germany, and had been placed ready to march.
The Finance Minister then moved a temporary addition for one year of 4,000,000 thalers to the income tax, the class tax and the taxes on meat and corn. The addition to be further increased by twenty-five per cent. in case the mobilization of the army becomes necessary.
The Bank of Prussia had raised the rate of discount to five per cent.

RUSSIA.

The official journal of St. Petersburg contains the following: "We are authorized to declare in the most positive manner that there exists no treaty of alliance offensive or defensive between Russia and any other power whatever. At a moment when all Europe is making maritime or military arrangements on a large scale, the Emperor was obliged to provide by the means of political prudence for any emergency. His Majesty retains in the present juncture entire liberty of action, and we need hardly add he is animated only by the sentiment of preserving the dignity of his crown and the interests of the country."

TURKEY.

The Times Vienna correspondent says: "We are on the eve of a rising in European Turkey. The political agitation in the Southern Provinces was exceedingly great. The Porte has about 120,000 men concentrated at Shumla, and Omar Pacha was coming rapidly from Bagdad. The writer thinks the Russo-French plan for the dismemberment of Turkey is a good one, and that in all probability the days of the Mussulmen in Europe are numbered."

FIVE DAYS LATER FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

The news brought by the steamship City of Baltimore, from Liverpool the 11th instant, states that up to that time there had been no battle between the Austrians and the Allies. It was believed that the Austrians were waiting for favorable weather, as there was no other way of accounting for their movements.

GOSSIP OF THE WORLD.

ENGLAND.

Discovery of a Large Quantity of Ancient Coin on the Prince Consort's Farm.—A field called the hospital field, belonging to the Shaw farm estate, in the possession of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, and abutting on the Long-walk, has recently undergone the process of thorough draining, the earth afterwards turned in, and the ground rolled. Three boys were subsequently employed to collect the loose stones, when a few days afterwards one of them picked up something on the surface of the recently removed earth, which appeared to them to be a lump of lead, and they were about to dispose of it as such, but upon further investigation it proved to be a leaden case containing upwards of 150 pieces of silver coin, principally half crowns, of the reigns of Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I., most of them being in admirable preservation. The boys divided the coin among themselves; but on the discovery becoming known to Mr. Tait, the steward of his Royal Highness, the coins were collected and forwarded to her Majesty, and the lads suitably rewarded.

A True Castilian.—There is a melancholy grandeur, and yet puerile trifling in the following letter, that is seldom mingled in this world. Nothing we have ever read more thoroughly bewitches the blasé air than this dying epistle of a world-weary gentleman.
The Spanish Consul for Australia, Don Antonio de Ayala, lately blew out his brains while in England, but before doing so he wrote a letter of apology to the Duke of Marlborough for destroying himself in his Grace's park, which is a perfect curiosity in its way. There is a wondrous deal of simplicity as well as politeness in it:

"Woodstock, April 14.

"My Lord—I humbly ask your lordship's pardon and forgiveness for the great liberty I have taken in coming to put an end to my dreary and miserable existence in your park. It may be a childish feeling, but one cannot blow his brains out in a common road, or one of those cultivated fields full of cottages, and life, and civilization, and railways, and establishments of all kinds, of which your blessed country of England abound. So I have not found another proper place to die decently than your handsome park, and you must bear the inconvenience of a dead man in your grounds. I mean no offence.

"I have yesterday visited your house, hoping the sight of good things, and chiefly good paintings, could do me good, and soften the wild ideas that had led me to put an end to my life; but all of no use. Your mansion is one of the most noble, splendid things I saw in my life, and I have travelled about and seen nearly everything worth seeing. You have the finest Rubens that can be seen; that should have a great attraction for me under other circumstances, but now they have been of no use.

"I hope, with that splendid house, and park, and paintings, and library, you are happy, my lord. If that is the case, you will have a kind heart, and pity a poor devil come to die in your grounds. If, on the contrary, you are miserable also, as wealth is a medium, and does not constitute happiness, then you will say, like old Dioc—

"Non ignara mali, miseris succurere disco,"

and pity me, and order that they shall leave me quiet, and bury me in the spot I have died, and put a cross on it in the Spanish fashion. I will be very grateful in the other world for it if you do so, and wish not to trouble any more your lordship about me.

"I am, my lord, yours respectfully,

"A. AROM DE AYALA."

FRANCE.

Death in the Corset!—A regular crusade has been entered into by the doctors of Paris against the frightful fashion of steel stays, brought in with the new cut of dress now in vogue. Attention has been drawn to the subject, and a report sent in to the Academy of Medicine, in consequence of the sudden death of the two young ladies employed in one of the fashionable houses of this place to show off the fashions. These young ladies, whose sole business was to walk up and down the Magasin, where the wonders of the imagination of the proprietors are displayed, lying with each other in the degree to which torture could be borne, had gradually accustomed themselves to be drawn so tight that, in one case, the bursting of a blood-vessel was the consequence and in the other congestion of the lungs carried off the victim in a few hours.

ALGERIA.

Adventure with a Lion.—A photographer, in his recent visit to Algeria, describes the following incident: "I was roused by something, and felt a pain in my head, and directly afterwards I received a blow on the head through the side of the tent, which made me think for a moment that I had been struck with an iron bar with claws at the end which I carried with me in my wagon; but in an instant the idea flashed across my mind that it was a lion which was sniffing at me through the back of the tent. If I remained where I was without moving there was the probability of the beast tearing up the tent and dragging me through. On the other hand, an attempt to move closer to the fire would probably be detected, and the lion has the same characteristics as the cat, and would doubtless have sprung upon me in that case, and have carried me off. While hesitating what to do, the animal, most likely from not being able any longer to feel anything through the wall of the tent, must have turned away, for after what was, in fact, but a few moments, but which seemed a very long time, there was a terrific shriek, followed by a low, deep growling, then a shot and a louder growl." The lion had attacked and killed another victim, and was himself soon after killed. True to his art, the photographer took a "view" of the animal with his human prey in his mouth, for even in death the lion clung to the unfortunate Arab.

ITALY.

An Italian Fifth Avenue.—"Love, music and poetry is the life of an Italian," exclaimed one day, in my presence, a young Florentine gentleman (says Mabel Thorne Crawford). Unfortunately for Italy, the observation was too true; Italian youths, epicureans in theory and practice, too often fritter away their time and energies in the pursuit of mere enjoyment; and too often, through the means of a vicious career of self-indulgence, their natural capacity for good is well nigh extinguished, if not wholly destroyed. Early in life the frivolous tone of Italian society exerts its enervating influence over the youthful mind. Few are the youths belonging to the upper and middle classes of society in Italy who resolutely set themselves to achieve an honorable independence. Clinging to their kindred for support, necessity alone drives them to exercise their energies for the purpose of acquiring the means of subsistence. The idlers can be counted by tens, the workers by units. The tone of thought which rules society in Tuscany in the days of the Medici is extinguished utterly; for industry is now looked upon as vulgar, and idleness as genteel. The lad of fifteen appears the man—in the levities, and too often the vices of his career; the youth of twenty is thoroughly a man of the world, intimately acquainted with the world's worst features. Frivolities become the serious duties of his existence; he sings, he dances, he gossips, he flirts, as if life were given him for no higher aim and occupation.

Italian Liberty.—The *Opinione* of Turin gives the following account of a serious disturbance in the University of Bologna: "On the 12th Mr. Ferranti, Professor of Civil Law, had delivered a lecture on the political administration

of Napoleon I., which was much applauded. On the 13th, it being known that his subject would be Napoleon III., the lecture room was crowded at an early hour; but instead of the professor a major entered, who announced that the lecture would not take place. At the same time a file of gendarmes marched in, and the public were summoned to leave the place. At this, a voice from among the students was heard to exclaim, 'It is for you to be turned out! this is a respectable place!' Resistance being offered, the soldiers used their arms; three students were severely wounded, and several others slightly. Professors Santagata, Egari, Gelfi and Ferranti interposed to prevent further mischief, and subsequently a protest was addressed by the professors of the University to the superior authorities. It is stated that a deputation of the students afterwards waited on the Marquis Pepoli, a relation of the Emperor of the French, to solicit his interference in their behalf."

HOLLAND.

The Aristocratic Poisoner.—Some time ago we gave an account of the arrest of Lieutenant-General Gunkel, aged eighty-four, for poisoning. It appears that the poison had been intended by the hoary sinner for his mistress, to whom he allowed a pension. By some accident the poisoned sausage found its unlucky way to the brother, who, having a depraved German taste, revelled in the dainty, which he washed down with oceans of lager beer. Some few days since he was called up before the Judges of the Criminal Court to receive judgment for the crime of having poisoned, by inserting arsenic in a sausage, the brother of his mistress. The evidence adduced was overwhelming; the prisoner, moreover, had pleaded guilty, and the only plea set up by his counsel was his advanced age—his second childhood. Gunkel, however, had shown so much design in his murderous attempts—success which would have enabled him to conceal the appropriation to his own use of certain valuable papers—that the Court refused to admit the validity of the plea. He is, therefore, sentenced to be hanged. It is thought, however, that the King will exercise his prerogative, and commute the punishment into confinement for life. The trial had excited intense interest. The culprit had highly distinguished himself at Waterloo, and had founded the military school of Breda. The royal family having been on intimate terms with the General, is, of course, much scandalized by the disgrace that has stigmatized his hoary head. The poisoned sausage had been prepared for his mistress, but was eaten by her brother and the charwoman. The former died; the latter, though at first in great danger, recovered. Louise, the mistress, had lost the use of her limbs from the effects of poison previously administered by the aged culprit. On the very day on which he sent his beloved the "savoury meat," intended to put an end to her life, he attended a Roman Catholic ceremony of much solemnity, bearing one of the torches, as a patriarch of the church.

NAPLES.

A Hint for Louis Napoleon.—If the Murats in Europe give out, they can find a hopeful candidate for the throne of Naples in the gentleman mentioned in the following paragraph from the *Alta California* of April 6: "A poor, wretched-looking man was found upon the street last evening, and brought into the station-house in a state of helpless drunkenness. He was placed in one of the cells and laid out upon the asphaltum floor, and at half past seven o'clock last evening he was attacked by an epileptic fit, and but for the prompt kindness of the officer in attendance the poor fellow might have died in agony. Upon inquiry we learn that the man's name is Louis Murat; and that he is a lineal descendant of Joachim Murat, King of Naples, under the reign of Napoleon Bonaparte. He arrived in this country in 1840, having considerable means and letters of credit; the former he squandered and the latter he lost, and for two years he has been a common street bummer."

The Dying Mercant.—It is stated in advices from Naples, dated the 16th inst., that "after a terrible attack of his malady the king received the sacrament and afterwards blessed and bade farewell to his family. Signor Filangieri has been summoned to Caserta." All the sacraments in the world can never save such a despot. The thief on the cross was a saint to such a fiend as Bonaparte.

INDIA.

Sudden Whitening of the Hair.—A correspondent of the *Medical Times* having asked for authentic instances of hair becoming gray within the space of one night, Mr. D. P. Parry, Staff-surgeon at Aldershot, writes the following very remarkable account of a case of which he says he made memoranda shortly after the occurrence: "On February 19, 1858, the column under General Franks, in the south of Oude, was engaged with a rebel force at the village of Chanda, and several prisoners were taken; one of them, a Sepoy of the Bengal army, was brought before the authorities for examination, and I being present, had an opportunity of watching from the commencement the fact I am about to record. Divested of his uniform, and stripped completely naked, he was surrounded by the soldiers; and then first apparently became alive to the dangers of his position; he trembled violently, intense horror and despair were depicted in his countenance, and although he answered the questions addressed to him, he seemed almost stupefied with fear; while actually under observation, within the space of half an hour, his hair became gray on every portion of his head, it having been, when first seen by us, the glossy jet black of the Bengalee, aged about 24. The attention of the bystanders was first attracted by the sergeant, whose prisoner he was, exclaiming, 'He is turning gray,' and I, with several other persons, watched its progress. Gradually, but decidedly the change went on, and a uniform grayish color was completed within the period above-named."

JAPAN.

Whaling.—A correspondent of the *New Bedford Mercury*, writing from Hakodadi, Japan, says it is believed the Japanese know of many bays where the whales calve, but they would answer no questions upon the subject. They bought a whale gun of the Adeline, and took instructions of the venerable captain of the Rapid in both whaling and navigation, and seem to manifest a determination to do something in the whaling line for themselves. At present they burn vegetable tallow and oil extracted from various seeds; yet they have whale blubber for sale at the groceries, though only as a luxury of food. The ships wintering here reported the weather to have been remarkably good; but few heavy gales, no great amount of snow, and no ice, except in secluded places. There has been a fine schooner built and launched here after an American model; she is now on a trip to Yeddo, and has proved to be a safe sea boat and a fast sailer.

PARLOR GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

A comic Poet who wrote before the recent revival of hooped petticoats, seems to have had the spirit of prophecy, which was anciently ascribed to poets as well as the regular voices. Hear him talk:

Behold some damsel, slender as a reed,
And fair as slender—beautiful indeed—
Suddenly grow to such enormous size
That you can scarcely half believe your eyes!
Spreading to seem, with each succeeding minute,
St. Peter's dome! with a small child stuck in it!

Dr. Johnson says marriage is the best state for a man in general; and every man is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the married state.

Mental Economy.—The ear and the eye are the mind's receivers; but the tongue is only busy in expending the treasure received. If, therefore, the revenues of the mind be uttered as fast, or faster, than they are received, it must needs be bare, and can never lay up for purchase. But if the receivers take in still without utterance, the mind may soon grow a burden to itself, and unprofitable to others. I will not lay up too much and utter nothing, lest I be covetous; nor spend much and store up little, lest I be prodigal and poor.

—Bishop Hall.

Observations on Matrimony.—There are two mistakes about it. One is that which Dr. Watts has ranted in his celebrated lyric—that souls were paired when sent into this world, and somehow have got mixed and jumbled up, scarcely any one getting his true counterpart or having any chance of doing so; and that hence are the jarrings of the married state. Many people lay off their miseries upon this mystic fatalism, and think if they had only had their true partners, they should have been supremely happy. Now the truth is, there are no persons but those regenerated or becoming so, who can be brought into any intimate relation, less of all the most intimate, without drawing out all the mutual points of repulsion in their characters. We are not sent into the world paired and nicely fitted to each other without any agency of our own; we are brought here with selfish natures to be subdued, and angelic natures to be unfolded from within; and this is done through constant watchings, self-denial, and efforts. Let two persons then, with hearts intensely natural, be brought together in the most sacred of all relations. They think they are matched. They are so. But it may be either for a draw game at relf, or for walking *à la poussee*, on the heavenly road. If they begin in earnest a life of regeneration, their internal evils, as they come successively into the consciousness, will be denied, and have all their jagged points filed off, and finally will be cast out entirely; and whereas their union at first might have been external, it may become more and more internal, and at length it may become so perfect, that for aught known they may appear in the spiritual world, as Mr. T. L. Harris says, like one person instead of two. At any rate, they may become together a complete humanity, whereas apart they would be a humanity halved and split in twain.

On the other hand, suppose a regenerate life does not begin, but selfish and worldly living rather. Then the jagged points of two selfish natures will begin to show themselves, and they will grow more protrusive, sharp and prickly, and make the disunion more and more complete. This will appear at first rather insensibly under externals, but it will grow to a terrible reality. At first they will only wish to look at the moon through separate windows; but very soon it will be as Hood says, and they will want separate moons to look at; and lastly, there will be no moon at all, for all the romance of life will have departed, and its soft silvery light will have gone out in total darkness.

The other mistake is that of supposing the happiest marriages must be a union of congenial tastes and pursuits. Just the opposite, we think, is true. What does one want of another who is just like himself, and is not complementary of his own imperfect being? As Mr. Emerson puts it, "they must be very two before they can be very one." The more two the better. Ideal men want practical wives, ideal wives want practical men; and then the earth side and the heaven side of life being put together, it rounds to a glorious completeness. But they must be put together by interpenetration, and not by soldering, or, as Swedenborg says, they must be conjoined, and not adjoined.

Worth Knowing.—A German preacher, a man of eccentric character, announced to his parishioners that he had married for the fourth time, and that if he lost his fourth wife, he should marry for the fifth time, inasmuch as he loved change. "Perhaps, my dear friends," he cried, "you do not know the way to free yourself from matrimonial ties when you desire it? I will tell you how to do it. I am the best husband in the world, and I never contradict my wife in anything. There's the secret. Contradiction is a necessary of life to women, and if you always agree with them they go off into a melancholy, which soon goes off with them."

Poets on Love.—Cowper says:

Love makes the music of the blest above,
Heaven's harmony is universal love.

Allan Ramsay, the Scottish poet, says:

But we'll grow old together, and ne'er find
The loss of youth when love grows on the mind.
Bairns and their bairns mak sure a firmer tie
Than aught in love the life of us can spy.

Thomson, in his Seasons:

For nought but love can answer love,
And render bliss secure.

In his Sophonisba:

Why should we kill the best of passions, love?
It aids the hero, bids ambition rise
To nobler heights, inspires immortal deeds,
Even softens brutes, and adds grace to virtue.

Goldsmith, in the Deserted Village:

The swain mistrusts of his mutilated face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.

Collins' Ode to the Passions:

Love framed with mirth, a gay fantastic round,
Loose were her tresses, and her zone unbound:
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

R. Bloomfield:

Sweet village maids from neighboring hamlets stroll
That, like the light heel'd does o'er lawns that rove,
Look shily curious, rip'ning into love,
For love's their errand; hence the tints that glow
On either cheek a heightened lustre know.

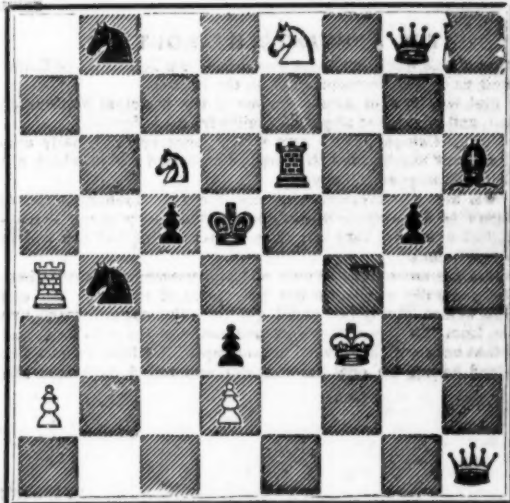
CHESS.

All communications and newspapers intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frère, the Chess Editor, Box 2495, N. Y. P. O.

PAUL MORPHY.—Mr. Morphy has played six games with Mr. Ferris, President of the Brooklyn Chess Club, winning five out of the six, giving Mr. Ferris the odds of the Knight. The last two games played, both being scored by Mr. Morphy, are on a match in which the victor is to win five games. Mr. Morphy occasionally visits the New York Club, and the Morphy Chess Rooms, corner of Broadway and Fourth street. He will visit the Brooklyn Chess Club on Thursday evening, the 25th inst., on which occasion he will encounter some of the strongest players of Brooklyn. The testimonial of the New York and the Brooklyn Chess Clubs will probably be presented on Wednesday evening, 25th inst. The Hon. John Van Buren, it is expected, will deliver the address.

PROBLEM No. 196.—By W. H. C., N. Y. White to play and mate in three moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

CHESS IN CALIFORNIA.

GAME BETWEEN MESSRS. SCHLEIDEN AND ROBERTS. (QUEEN'S GAMBY REFUSED.)

Mr. S.	Mr. R.	Mr. S.	Mr. R.
1 P to Q 4	P to Q 4	14 Q Kt P Kt's P	Q Kt's Kt
2 P to Q 4	P to K 3	15 B P Kt's Kt	Ks to K 5
3 P to Q 3	Kt to K 3	16 B to Q Kt 2	P to K 4
4 P to K 3	P to Q 4	17 K R to B 3	P to K 4
5 Q Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 3	18 R to P 3	P to K 5
6 P to K 4	P to Q Kt 3	19 B Kt's P	P to B
7 K Kt to B 3	Q B to Kt 2	20 Q Kt's P (ch)	K to R sq
8 K B to K 2	P Kt's Q P	21 Kt's Kt	P Kt's Kt
9 P Kt's P at Q 4	K B to Q 3	22 Q Kt's P at K 6	R to Q 3
10 Castles	Q B to Kt 4	23 Q to Kt 4	Q R to Q 2 (a)
11 P to Q Kt 4	Q R to Q B sq	24 P to Q 5	Q R to Kt sq
12 P to Q B 5	B to Q Kt sq	25 P to K 6 (dis ch)	Q R to Kt 3 and
13 K Kt to K 6	P Kt's Q B P	26 Kt's K P	Roberts resigned.

(a) Fatally bad. B to K 4 was the move.

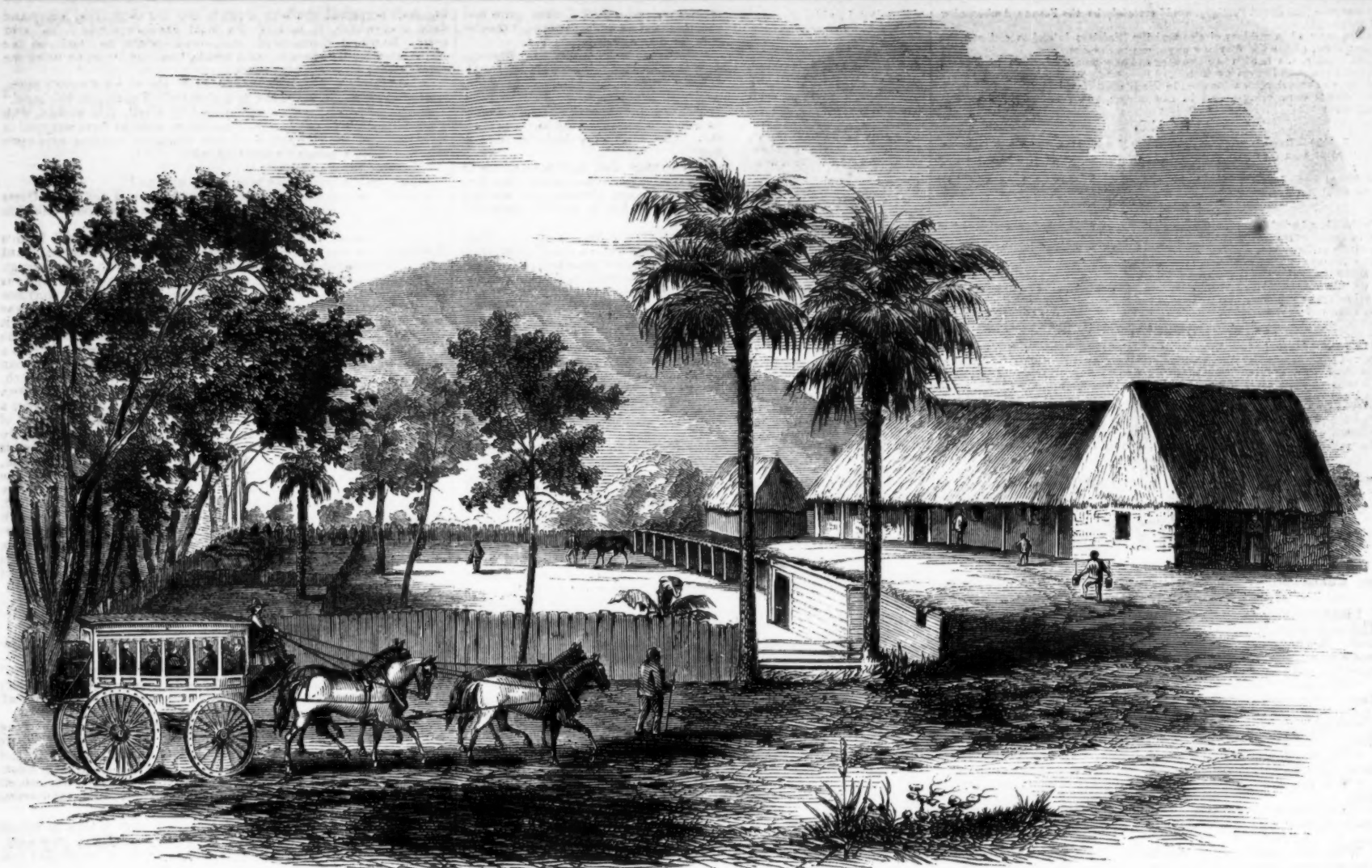
GAME BETWEEN MESSRS. KALKMAN AND SHAW. (EVANS' GAMING.)

Mr. K.	Mr. S.	Mr. K.	Mr. S.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	10 P Kt's P	K Kt's Kt
2 K Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 3	11 B to Q Kt 3	Q to K 3
3 B to Q 4	B to Q 4	12 B to Kt 2	B to Kt 5
4 P to Q Kt 4	B Kt's P	13 Q to Q 3	B Kt's Kt
5 P to Q 3	B to R 4	14 P Kt's B	Q Kt to K 4
6 Castles	Kt to K 3	15 Q to K 2	Kt to K (ch)
7 P to Q 4	Castles	16 K to R sq	Q R to K sq
8 B to Q R 3	Q to P 1	17 P to Q 4	Q to K 5
9 P Kt's P	K Kt's P		Kalkman resigns.

GAME BETWEEN MESSRS. ROBERTS AND SCHLEIDEN. (ROY LOPEZ KNIGHT'S GAM.)

Mr. R.	Mr. S.	Mr. R.	Mr. S.
1 K P 2	K P 2	25 Q to K 2	K B P 1
2 Kt to K 3	Kt to Q 3	26 Q to R 4	R to Q sq
3 B to Q Kt 5	K B to Q 3 (a)	27 B to Kt 3	R to Q sq
4 Q P 1	Q P 1	28 B Kt's Kt	K B P 1
5 B to R 4	Q Kt P 2	29 P Kt's P	Q to Q 3
6 B to Kt 3	Kt to R 4 (b)	30 Kt to Q 5	Q to K 3
7 B to Q 2	Kt to K 2	31 R to Q B sq	R Kt's P
8 Castles	Castles	32 Kt to K 3	K Kt's P
9 Q P 2	K P Kt's P (c)	33 Q to Q 3	K to R sq
10 K P 1	B Kt's P	34 Q to Q 5	Q to Q 3
11 Kt's B	Q P 1	35 Q B P 1	P Kt's P
12 Kt to B 3	P Kt's P	36 R Kt's P	Q to K 2
13 Q Kt's P	Q B to Kt 2	37 R Kt's Q R P	K B P 1
14 K Kt to Q 4	Q to Q 2	38 K R P 1	Q to K 3
15 K R to K sq	K Kt to K Kt 3	39 Kt to K Kt 4	Q to K 3
16 K B to his 6	Q to Q sq	40 Q to K 3	Q to B 2 (ch)
17 Q to K R 5	Q B P to 4 sq	41 K to R 2	Q to B 2 (d)
18 Q B to K Kt 5	Q to Q Kt 3	42 Q to Q 5	P to K 6 (dis ch)
19 K Kt to B 3	K E to K sq	43 K Kt P 1	R to K 6
20 K B to K 4	Q Kt to Q B 5	44 R to Q R 8	Q to K 2
21 Q Kt P 1	Q Kt to K 4	45 R to R 8	Q to R 8
22 K Kt's Kt	R Kt's Kt	46 Q Kt's P	K R P 1
23 B Kt's B	Q Kt's R	47 Q to Q B 4	Q Kt's Q
24 R Kt's R	Kt's R	48 P Kt's Q	P Kt's Kt and resigns.

(a) Bad. (b) Aiding the enemy. (c) Very bad. (d) Good.



TEHUANTEPEC ROUTE—PRINCIPAL STATION OF THE TRANSIT COMPANY AT ALMOLOYO.

THE TEHUANTEPEC ROUTE.

We engrave this week two more sketches of the Tehuantepec Route, furnished us by our correspondent on the Isthmus.

The first is a view of Almoloyo, one of the principal stations on the road, and is situated about fifty miles from La Ventosa.

The Transit Company have here a very large corral, usually containing a great number of half broken horses and mules, which are used in the transport of baggage.

There is also a boarding-house here for the accommodation of passengers, as Almoloyo is one of the night halting-places. The accommodations are not very magnificent, there being but one bed in the establishment.

As there are sometimes twenty or thirty passengers at one time, there is generally a rush to get possession of the bed. On one occasion, before the ladies could get from the stage, a large live Yankee, from the Bay State, took possession of the only bed, and stated that he was sick, covered himself up with a friend's overcoat (his friend having no coat for himself), and rolled over into this

only bed. The landlord evidently did not know his business, or he would have taken the bed from this "would-be sick" live Yankee, and given it to the ladies; but he went to a neighbor's house, and borrowed a bed (mattress), laid boards on two barrels, and made a bed for the two ladies and two babies.

The next station is Sanderson's, which is the subject of our second engraving.

The scenery between Almoloyo and Sanderson's is of the most beautiful description, the mountains on each side of the road being thousands of feet high, and covered with wild flowers of all kinds and colors.

Mr. Sanderson's rancho is situated in a large prairie, before arriving at which the road passes through a gorgeously beautiful avenue, with noble trees on both sides towering to the skies, until their branches meet and form a perfect bower, and from the tops hang native swings, sufficiently strong to bear the weight of at least ten men. This avenue is about forty feet wide.

After crossing the prairie, the route again passes through a dense

forest, where the boughs are so closely interlaced as scarcely to permit the sun's rays to penetrate.

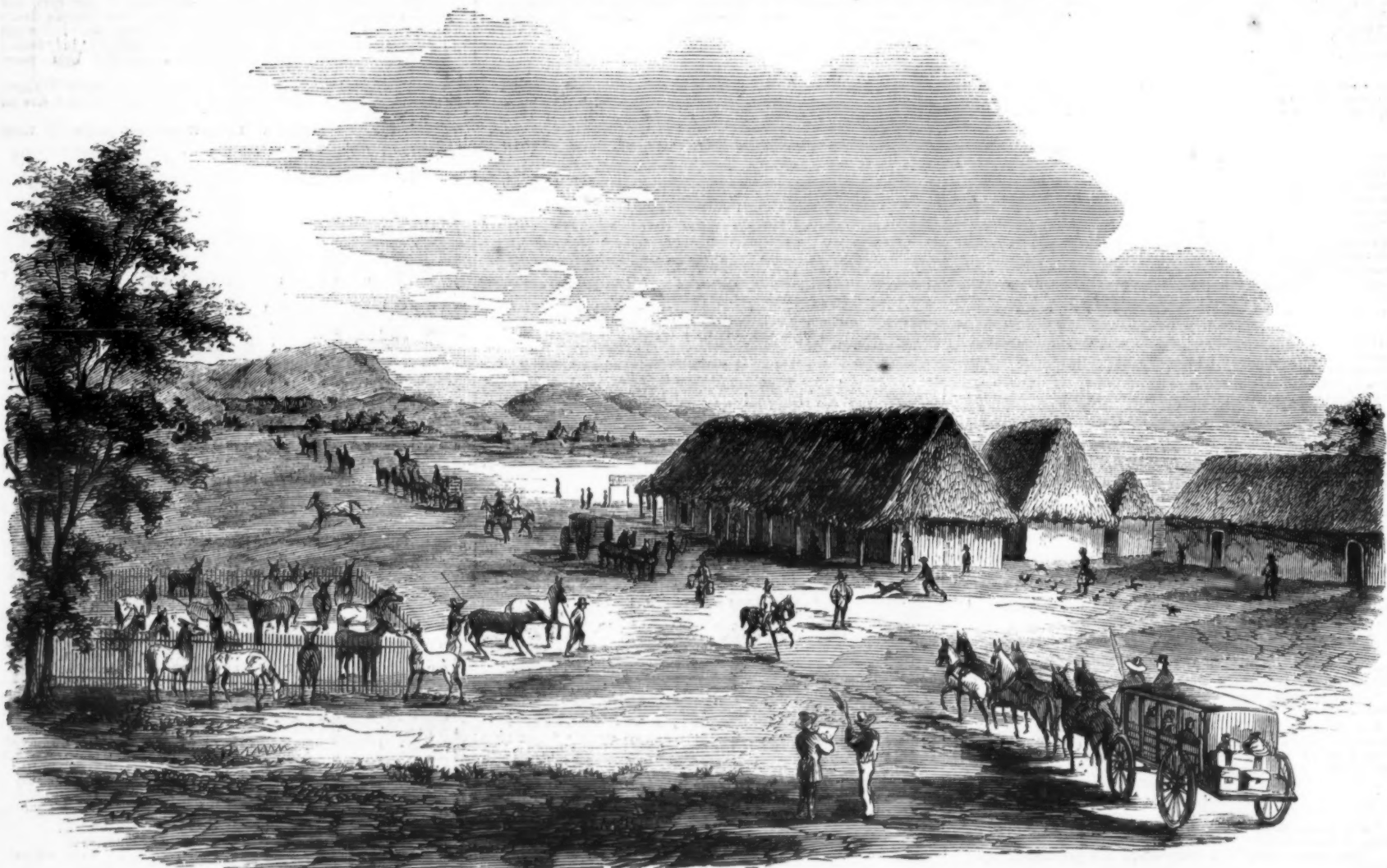
As we approach the valley of the Coatzacoalcas, the growth of timber is immense, and the varied foliage combines with the grotesque windings of the bijucos, the exquisite coloring of the flowers, and the brilliant plumage of the birds, to make the scene enchanting to the traveller.

CHRISTABEL.

CHAPTER I.

I SHALL never forget it—that wild, December midnight, on which I was summoned to the bedside of Marston Dean, the embodied mystery of Norwood. I had come in late from a round of visits to my patients, and was enjoying the glow of the bright fire, as only a cold, tired physician can, when a vehement ring at the door bell broke in upon my domestic comfort.

"Good Heavens!" cried my sister Ruth, "I hope nobody has sent for you, Gilbert."



TEHUANTEPEC ROUTE—SANDERSON'S RANCHO, NEAR THE ARADIA RIVER.



CHRISTABEL.—"That marble face, thus revealed, had been the star of my early dreams."

I made no audible reply, but my heart breathed an earnest amen. The next moment Bridget admitted a short, thick-set, dark-browed man. Ruth instinctively shrank back, for Marston Dean's servant was almost as much dreaded as himself. I, however, advanced to meet him with due courtesy.

"My master, Mr. Dean, is sick, and, it would seem, nigh unto death. He wants you to come to him immediately, sir," he faltered, in a hollow tone.

"Well, I will try to get there as soon as I can," I replied. "Sit down by the fire while my horse is harnessed."

"No, no—I'm not cold," he muttered, but he was shivering as if in an ague fit, and obliged to grasp the arm of a chair for support.

"Will you wait till I am ready?" I asked, as I buttoned my overcoat.

"No; I must hurry back to him. And you—you will find the roads well nigh impassable, doctor; but make what haste you can, for God's sake!"

With these words he left the house, and in another instant I saw him careering away on a black steed, as "uncanny" as his rider.

With as good grace as I could assume, I went forth into the wintry midnight. Never before, or since, have I seen such a storm as that then raging. The sky was wild with dark and flying clouds; the snow fell thick and fast, and warring winds shrieked and sobbed, and whirled it to and fro with more than a simoom's power, and heaped it in huge drifts along the path I was travelling. The route I had chosen was a cross road, and one of the loneliest in Norwood. My chaise ploughed through the deep snow awhile, and then snapped asunder, as if it had been the merest toy, and I was obliged to leave it a wreck by the roadside, and take to the back of my fleet Bess. On we plunged, from drift to drift, my eyes straining over the desolate waste of snow, dimly revealed by the lantern I carried. At length a sound rose above the mad music of the winds. What was it? Eagerly I listened—there it was again; it was no startled fox's yelp; it was a human wail I could have sworn! I drew rein and sprang from my horse. As I did so the glare of the lantern revealed some red object on the ground. I leaped forward and touched it—it was a mass of scarlet drapery, a portion of a rich, thick shawl. Trembling all over, and with my blood coursing in a lava-tide through every vein, I bent and scraped away the snow. Great God! what a sight was soon disclosed to me! There lay a woman, with a child clasped in her white and braceleted arms; with the lengths of her raven hair sweeping like a pall over both, and her limbs drawn up, as if in a last effort to shield the babe. The face was buried in the snow, but the next moment I had reverently turned it to the light. What made my own blood chill, my heart hush its very throbbing, as I gazed? That marble face, thus revealed, had been the star of my early dreams, and linked with the dearest and most torturing memories of my life.

Oh! that wildly sorrowful meeting under the midnight sky, with the snow heaping its grave-like mounds about us, and the wind chanting its stormy dirges in my ear alone, for hers, alas! could not hear them. There is not a nerve in my frame that does not thrill, as, after the lapse of weary years, I recall it.

"Christabel!" was the only word in which my agony found utterance, but I drew her to my heart, I smoothed back the wavy tresses from her pale brow, I left kiss after kiss on those sealed eyes, those delicately-chiselled, half-parted lips, which, when we last met, were red and dowy as the crimson coral when first drawn from ocean depths.

I forgot, for the time being, that Marston Dean was anxiously awaiting me, perhaps on his deathbed—forgot everything but the consciousness that Christabel was folded in my arms. For those few delicious moments I forgot even that the breath was frozen on her lips, and remembered only the radiant Christabel who had been the idol of my youth, the priestess of the inner temple of my heart when I grew to manhood. At last, however, I came to myself. I drew restoratives from a medicine-case in my pocket, and tried their effect upon the senseless wanderer. But not a muscle quivered, not a pulse stirred. Christabel was, to all appearance, dead; and yet I could not give up a frantic hope of re-awakening her to life. To sober reason the idea seemed preposterous. There I was, a mile at least, from any house, with a wintry storm raging around, and the roads so blocked that it would be impossible to move on except at the slowest pace; but in my anguish I flung up my arms and shrieked out:

"Help! help! help! for the love of Heaven, help! A woman and child are dying in the snow! Help! help, I say!"

I paused, and once more listened intently. The wind mocked me with its savage howl, but no human voice answered.

"Holloa!" I cried again; "lend a hand! Save a stranger perishing in the storm! Save! oh, save!"

Once more I hearkened, and this time a sound broke on my ear; the next moment Marston Dean's serving-man plunged towards me, mounted on his eerie-looking horse.

"Well, then, I found you?" he exclaimed. "Why in Heaven's name are you loitering here, when my master is lying at death's door?" And he growled an oath as he concluded.

"Loitering!" echoed I; "no ordinary circumstance has kept me from Mr. Dean. I have found a woman and child in this snowdrift, and was shouting for help when you heard me."

"Umph!" muttered my companion; "she's some poor vagabond I suppose!"

And he guided his horse so near to me that he could see Christabel's pale, still face, and that of the babe who yet lay clasped to her bosom, and whom I had vainly endeavored to resuscitate. As his keen glance fell upon them, he started as if a serpent had lain coiled in his path, and his swart cheek flushed with a burning glow, but he did not speak at once; finally, however, he muttered:

"Bad business, confounded bad business. What are you going to do, doctor?"

"Why, save them, if I can; that's my profession, you know."

"Save them!" he retorted, with a significant shrug of the

shoulders, and—shall I dare avow it—a triumphant gleam in his eye; "they're both dead as a doornail."

"Perhaps not," said I. "Perhaps they're only benumbed with the cold, and will come to by-and-by with proper care. It is not far to your house, I believe, and I cannot think you would have any objections to my carrying them there, and trying my skill at restoration."

The strange man drew himself up in the saddle, his restless eyes flashed fire, his lip curled and quivered, and shaking his clenched fist at me, he muttered, hoarsely:

"Do it if you dare, doctor! Dead or alive, that woman shall never again cross my master's threshold!"

I started—a wild thrill ran through my whole frame.

"Again!" I said; "again! then she has crossed it at some previous time—you know her?"

"That you have no right to ask, nor I to answer," replied the man with a dogged air. "Come, come, while we are lingering here Marston Dean may die! Leave the woman and the babe. I am sure the living should have more attention than the dead."

"I shall not leave them," rejoined I, as firmly as he had spoken, "till I have seen them in more fitting quarters than this desolate meadow can afford."

My companion mused an instant, and then said:

"There's Jim Wait's little hut on the verge of the wood yonder; his wife is a good, motherly soul, and I've no doubt will do what I have sworn I won't—take these frozen creatures in."

"Thank you for even that suggestion," said I, with as much warmth as I could summon; "will you lead the way?"

"Yes, yes, I see I must, if I would get you to the Pinery to-night—come, make haste!" and he rode off, while with Christabel and the child gathered in my arms, I managed to gain the saddle and follow Roy Maitland.

It was toilsome work plunging through the snow, but at length we reached a hut—the home of an honest woodman. The good dame granted my request, and as Christabel lay in the glow of a cherry wood fire, and we bent over her, rubbing her hands and feet, a long shudder, a quivering of the eyelids, and a tremor about the hitherto rigid mouth, told of returning life. A moment or two afterwards the child, who had been left to the care of the woodman's mother, gasped for breath, and opened a pair of eyes blue as the summer sky.

"They will both live," said I, as I turned from one to the other. A muttered curse startled me, and looking up I saw Roy Maitland's dark and sinister face. He had come in unobserved, and stood warming himself on the hearthstone. There was an expression of the bitterest disappointment on his countenance, as, stooping, he continued, in a hoarse whisper,

"It's a confounded pity the vagabond and her brat aren't dead in the snowdrift. You never did a worse job than bringing them back to life, doctor!"

I made no reply, but rising, slipped a few shillings into the dame's hand, and said,

"I cannot well stay longer now, good woman, for I have been summoned to Marston Dean, who is very ill, and I ought to have been there an hour ago. Besides, I think these poor creatures are likely to live, and your nursing for the present will be as beneficial as mine. But I will be back as soon as I can."

And drawing on my thick gloves I walked towards the door. Roy Maitland followed me.

"And so, after this long delay, you are ready to go the Pinery," he muttered, in a sneering tone, as we passed out.

I gave him no answer but mounted my tired horse at once. He lingered an instant by the low window of the house to cast a burning glance at the wanderer, still lying senseless by the fire, and then leaped into his saddle and dashed by me, shouting,

"Hurry on, doctor!"

As I again forced my way through the deep snow, my heart beat fast with a thousand tumultuous emotions. What had sent Christabel—the delicately-reared Christabel—out in that terrible storm? Could it be possible that she was trying to reach the home of the mysterious man to whose bedside I was hastening? Roy Maitland's hints had aroused this suspicion, but with the reserve peculiar to both him and his master, he had forbore to tell me anything definite with regard to his knowledge of her whom he had so contemptuously called a vagabond. I had wrought myself up into a fever of suspense, when the gray walls of the old mansion where Marston Dean lived rose before me. The place was called the Pinery, from the grove of pines, in the midst of which the house had been built. In a bright summer day it must have worn a gloomy aspect, but now, in the bleak winter time, with the great trees cast-

ing their perpetual shadows around, and the snow lying heavy and deep everywhere, it seemed the most desolate abode I had ever seen. Maitland dismounted, and stood, bridle in hand, on the door step when I rode up. As I sprang from my horse, he lifted the massive iron knocker, muttering,

"Old Hester will let you in and show you to my master's room, while I take the horses round to the stable. I shall join you soon."

At this juncture the door was opened by a tall, thin woman, with a scarlet kerchief knotted round her brow, and her form wrapped in a bright plaid shawl. She fixed her strangely lustrous eyes upon me, and, after a moment's scrutiny, said,

"You are the doctor?"

"Yes, yes," I replied; "he is alive, isn't he?"

"Alive! yes, sir; but he is in a dreadful way, I tell you. Come right in; he asked for you fifty times within the last hour—asked in his fashion, you know, for he is as crazy as a loon!"

The old woman finished her remark just as we entered Dean's bed-room. A single lamp, with a shade of rose-colored crystal, shed only a soft twilight over the apartment, and yet I could see enough of its voluminous purple hangings, its rich velvet carpet, its luxurious chairs and lounges, its tables of rosewood and marble, to convince me that Marston Dean was a Sybarite in his tastes. The air was heavy with the spice-like odors of burning pastiles, and, cold as it was without, tropic bloom brightened the tall alabaster vases on the mantelpiece, a jet of fragrant waters fell with a low murmur into a sculptured basin, which filled one of the alcoves. A bitter groan drew my attention from this oriental splendor to a gorgeous couch, occupying a remote corner of the apartment; it was canopied with lace as fleecy as the white clouds we sometimes see drifting across a tranquil sky, the pillows were daintily frilled, the counterpane of the costliest fabric, and yet the man who lay there tossed to and fro as if it were a bed of thorns, or the rack of the old martyrs. As his face turned towards me I thought, as I always did, when I met him, what a singularly handsome man Marston Dean was. His head was superbly proportioned, and masses of chestnut hair curled in close rings round his broad white brow; his features were finely chiselled, his eyes large and blue, but cold as winter moonlight; and yet it was the mouth that bespoke the character of the cynic. Now, however the countenance, usually so calm, and proud, and inexplicable, was full of wild unrest; the cheek wore a deep flush, the muscles were contracted as if in a spasm of pain, the eyes were bloodshot and unnaturally bright.

"Will that deuced doctor never come?" he growled.

I approached.

"Doctor Grantly has come," said I; "he is here at your side."

He had been delirious the whole night, but he seemed to comprehend my words.

"Well, well, you've been long enough getting up to the Pinery," he muttered. "I thought I should die, with nobody but old Hester; and, doctor, death isn't a very comfortable thing for me to think of. I don't want to die yet, by my faith."

And he broke into a laugh—a strange, shrill laugh, which rang dolefully through the sumptuous chamber. I laid my hand on his forehead; it burned with the wild fever in his blood, and I could feel its dull, hard throbs, and see how it corrugated beneath my touch. It was evident to me that there was congestion of the brain, and, as I stood gazing at him, it seemed that his doom was sealed—that the grim angel he so much dreaded was hovering near.

"Is there any hope, doctor?" he asked, with a look of appeal that, prejudiced as I was against him, could not fail to move me; but before I could reply, his momentary interval of reason had fled, and breaking into another laugh, he shouted,

"By all the powers, I've outwitted them! They'll never dream of my coming here to the Pinery; not even the French bloodhound could track me to this lonesome place. Ha! ha! ha!" and he waved his white hands with an exultant gesture.

At that moment I heard a soft, cat-like step upon the rich carpet, and looking round, saw Roy Maitland close by. He was gazing intently at his master, and his whole manner betrayed the keenest anxiety. Did he know the sick man's secrets, and was he fearful that in his ravings he might divulge them? I could not help thinking so.

"You find Mr. Dean very ill—do you not?" he said, uneasily.

"Yes; he has congestion of the brain, brought on, I should judge, by some sudden mental shock."

"Umph!" was all the reply he made; but the look he gave me said as plainly as words could have done—"You may think what you please; I shan't enlighten you."

"How long is it since your master was taken ill?" I inquired.

"About a week, sir."

"A week!" I echoed; "he should have had medical aid immediately."

A piercing cry interrupted me, and glancing towards the sufferer, I saw that he had risen in bed, and was staring at his serving-man.

"Is that you, Roy Maitland?" he shrieked. "Yes, yes, you haunt me like Banquo's ghost; you are here, there, everywhere! If I look up at the stars, they take the semblance of your eyes, and seem burning into my very soul! If I gaze down into the river's depths, I see your dark face mirrored beside my own—the winds and the waterfall yonder mock me with repetitions of your name! Roy, Roy, you have dogged my steps long enough! Leave me—leave me, or I shall go mad!"

Maitland winced, but he was not a person to be easily daunted. I saw clearly that he was determined to brave it out, even before he whispered,

"Ah! my poor master is like most delirious people; he turns against his best friends."



CHRISTABEL.—"Hark ye—I did it for revenge."

I bowed coolly, and advancing to Dean, held to his parched lips a powerful medicine I had prepared.

"Take this," I said.

"What is it?" he asked, suspiciously, pushing the costly Bohemian glass away; "you are not trying to poison me, are you, Roy?"

"No; oh, no. I am not Roy; I am Doctor Grantly, and would fain help you."

He hesitated a moment, and then seizing the glass, eagerly drank off its contents.

"The fact is," he resumed, "there are some men that don't know who their friends are, and when they have found out their enemies, cannot keep them at bay. Roy Maitland, away with you! away with you! And you, Hester, you crafty old woman, my roof shall not shelter you another hour!"

He would have leaped from the bed, but I held him back.

"Roy," he went on, "Roy Maitland, I tell you I am desperate! Begone, you and Hester both."

As he spoke, his face grew livid with rage; the veins of his forehead swelled out like knotted cords, and a cold sweat began to gather upon him in beaded dew.

"His moods must be humored somewhat," said I; "he fancies you, Maitland and Hester, his enemies. You had better leave him."

The old woman and the serving-man exchanged significant glances, and after whispering together a few moments, old Hester left the apartment, and Maitland withdrew to a distant nook, dusky with shadows.

"They have gone," murmured I to my patient.

"Gone, eh?" he rejoined, while a flash smiled over his features; "I would as soon have two fiends here as those two wretches! Christabel would be better than they, for I should have nothing to fear from her."

A pang shot through my heart as he mentioned that name—a name which had been so dear, so sacred to me. The allusion confirmed me in the suspicion which Maitland had aroused, and my thoughts wandered away to her whom I had found two hours before exposed to the fury of the pitiless storm. Exhausted by his severe paroxysms, Dean lay in an uneasy slumber, and for a time only his labored breathing and the musical murmur of the little fountain broke the solemn silence that reigned around. But at length I heard him murmuring incoherently in his sleep, and bending over him, I smoothed the matted hair away from his brow, and said, in a softened tone,

"Do you want anything, sir?"

"Yes, yes," he replied, still speaking in his slumber. "I want my boy. He was a beautiful boy; he had my face, my blue eyes—not her great black ones, which I can never, never quite shut out from my soul! To be sure, I left the child, but I thought there would come a time when I should dare go back and seek him. He ought to have my gold—he, my boy—not Maitland!"

At this moment the purple fall of drapery behind which the serving-man had taken refuge was swept aside; Maitland's dark face peered out, and I heard him say, half-audibly,

"What gibberish Marston Dean talks!"

Again my patient lapsed into silence, and while ministering to him as best I could, I perplexed myself with doubts and queries. "Had the knowledge of his illness reached Christabel's ears, and driven her forth in this storm, that she might have, at least, one more meeting with him?" This appeared probable, and it was not without a wild regret that I thought of her devotion to such a man as I believed Marston Dean to be.

All at once he gave a sudden start, and again sprang up in bed, while his eyes rolled restlessly around the chamber.

"Christabel!" he cried, "where are you? I saw you but now! You were pale as death, Christabel; your form was wasted to a mere shadow; your face wore a weary, wistful expression; your eyes looked as if they had shed many a hot tear. Christabel, this is my work. I have swept the bloom and beauty from your young life. I have beggared your warm, true heart; I have bowed you down into the very dust. Christabel, I am dying, your presence fills my cup of misery to the brim. You were generous; you will forgive me as you hope to be forgiven in the hour of need!"

He paused and listened, as if expecting a reply from the image his heated brain had conjured up.

"Christabel, speak!" he called again, and breathlessly he hearkened. Still no answer came.

"I see you!" he continued, growing more and more frantic. "Woman, did you come hither to gloat over me? Yes, you smile—you mock my anguish—you will not utter the words I long to hear. Christabel!"

Once more he sank down on the splendid couch; his head fell wearily back on the pillows, and that strange, uneasy sleep came on.

Hours wore away; the storm ceased, the winds lulled their wild music, and stopped their weird march around the desolate Pinery; the pale, young moon, which reminded me of Christabel's face, and a few stars, wandered into the sky, and yet I kept my post beside Marston Dean. Oh, that lonesome night-watch—how vividly it comes back to me now. How well I remember the sick man's ravings—ravings that revealed nothing more concerning Christabel than what I have already told the reader. When the morning grew bright in the east, I beckoned Roy Maitland to me, and said,

"Your master is, I think, in extreme peril. Unless the medicine has an almost magical effect, he will not see another day dawn. Give him the very best of care, for I must not stay longer now. I will call again before night."

And adding some prescriptions, I left the house.

CHAPTER II.

As I rode away from Marston Dean's gloomy home I scarcely heeded the white drapery which mantled the trees, the broad reaches of snow around, nor the fantastic drifts, through which my swift-footed Bess was plunging. I was keeping a solemn tryst with Memory; she had flung her torchlight over the dim aisles of my heart, and the hopes and the dreams which had been buried there, had started from their graves, and were weaving their olden spells about me. I recalled the first time I met Christabel at an examination, given by the principal of the boarding-school where she was a fellow pupil with my sisters.

Years had come and gone; I was a boy then, and she a girl of twelve, but I remembered as well as if it had been yesterday, how beautiful she looked, with the warm, tropic blood flushing her dusky cheek; her bright dark eyes now kindling with sudden lustre, and now growing soft and mellow in their light; her red lips parting as she whirled through the dizzy mazes of the waltz. I remembered the airy grace of her form in its crimson, gauzy robe—the red fuchsias in her hair—nay, more; even the coral cross that rose and fell upon her breast with every breath. In fancy I danced with her in the wide, breezy hall, and led her out into the garden, and talked again that delicious nonsense which makes up the chat of boys and girls on such occasions.

I lived over the vacation a twelvemonth later, when she came home with my sisters, Ruth and Rose; the long and pleasant summer days, when we wandered through meadow and woodland, and read old love tales in our shadowy parlor, and she taught me the mysteries of the French tongue, and, more than these, the mysteries of a love which I believe every human heart must sooner or later learn. I lived over, also, the time when, after leaving school, she again visited our quiet home. I had grown up to manhood; she was seventeen. Her beauty had a tropic richness; her form had rounded into perfect symmetry; her cheek wore a softer bloom, her eyes a more tender radiance; her raven hair had taken a purplish gloss, her movements had a new grace, and yet, it was the heart, the warm, impulsive heart shrined within, which won my homage. How I loved Christabel! How madly I gave myself up to the thrall of that first bewildering passion! Still, it was long ere I spoke to her of my love. I had watched her closely, sometimes in hope, sometimes in despair, but the evening before she left us for home my wild worship found utterance. She listened, but her cheek did not burn with a deeper glow, her eyes flashed no love-light into mine; never had I seen her face so cold and stern as when she declared she could be nothing more than my friend.

The next morning we parted—parted in silence—and from that time I never saw her, never heard of her, till I found her lying there amid the Norwood snows. No second love had dawned upon me; through those weary years Christabel had maintained her place in my heart, and now that a strange fate had sent her across my path, it seemed almost maddening to know that she was linked in any way with such a man as Marston Dean. In the midst of my reverie I

saw the smoke curling up from Jim Wait's chimney, and in a few moments had drawn rein at the door.

"Well, how are the strangers I left with you?" I asked, as the dame appeared on the threshold.

"Oh! nicely, sir; much better than I could expect. The baby is quite pert-like, and the woman has come to her senses, but appears to be as weak as a child."

"You must have proved an admirable nurse," I rejoined; "I will come in and see your patients directly."

The dame drew back into the house, while I lingered outside, ostensibly to care for my jaded horse, but in reality to gain strength for the interview before me. To have met Christabel under any circumstances would have been an event in my monotonous life; but I felt that to meet now would give us both a painful shock. At last, however, I pulled the latchstring of the low door, and moved into the kitchen of the woodman's hut. As I entered Dame Wait came forward from a little bed-room, with her finger on her lip.

"Poor thing!" she whispered; she's asleep."

A sense of relief stole over me at the thought, that the dreaded recognition would be somewhat delayed, and I crept to her side on tiptoe. My heart beat fast as I stood looking at the sleeper, for the morning light which shone through the undraped window showed me her face in all its forlorn beauty. It was pale even to ghastliness; the features had grown frightfully sharp; the once smooth brow had contracted, as if in perpetual pain, and care had begun to plough its lines around the small and expressive mouth. At length she stirred uneasily, and I heard her murmur,

"Marston you have wronged me; you have deserted me and my child; but I will find you, if I go to the world's end! Oh, Marston, Marston, Marston, how could you?"

I could not bear to hear this, and hastily turning from her I sat down on a rude oaken settle in the chimney corner, and began to revolve serious plans for making my presence known to her. Half an hour dragged on by such leaden wings that it seemed an age to me, and then the dame came softly from the bed-room.

"She is awake, doctor," she said, in a low tone; "you will go in now, I suppose?"

"Not quite yet," I faltered. "My good woman, long ago I knew that lady, but had not met her for years, till I found her senseless, last night, when on my way to Marston Dean's."

A wild wail interrupted me, and the next moment Christabel came flying into the kitchen, her large, mournful eyes dilated, her dishevelled black hair streaming around her face and shoulders, her thin hands outstretched, her white lips parted as if in a mighty effort to speak.

"Marston Dean," she gasped; "somebody spoke his name—who knows anything about him? I—I have come many a weary league over land and sea—to find—"

Here the words froze upon her tongue, for her restless glance had fallen on me. One instant she stood there almost as rigid as if she had been changed into stone; then she muttered,

"Gilbert Grantly!" and with a shriek which haunted me for months afterwards, fell senseless to the floor. I raised her tenderly in my arms, and bore her back to the low bed from which she had risen, fearing that the shock had been too much for her—that she was now indeed dead. But ere long she drew a deep, shuddering sigh, and the soft color stealing into her cheek, told me she was yet alive, and I cautiously conveyed her to the care of Dame Wait, telling the woman that when my patient was again conscious, it would be best to inform her how I had found her in the snow and brought her thither. Leaving the bed-room door slightly ajar, I passed into the kitchen, and began to pace nervously to and fro.

Finally I heard Christabel's voice—the voice which, in earlier years, had seemed to me the sweetest music in the wide, wide world.

"Where am I?" she murmured. "Did I see him—Gilbert—Gilbert Grantly—or was it only a dream?"

"It wasn't no dream, my poor lady," replied the dame, in a gentle tone. "Doctor Grantly found you and your child in the snow, almost dead, and brought you here; he is in the kitchen now."

At this juncture I again crossed the threshold of the little bed-room, which contrasted so strikingly with the grand old chamber where I had been watching beside Marston Dean. Christabel had half risen, and sat with her cheek resting on one hand, in an attitude which had been peculiar to her in her girlhood. As she saw me, a burning glow flitted over her face, like crimson shadows drifting across the winter snow-banks, and then receded, leaving her paler than before. I could see the wild tremor that thrilled her slight frame ere she composed herself sufficiently to murmur,

"Doctor Grantly."

"Christabel," was the only word I could find voice to utter for some time, and so we were both silent.

"Yes," she replied, brokenly; "and—and—they tell me that but for you, I and my poor child would have died in the snow. I suppose it was madness for me to come out in such a terrible storm, but a restless yearning drove me on."

And bowing her head upon the bosom of her sleeping babe, she burst into a passion of tears.

"Christabel," said I, rising, "I'm a physician now, and you are under my care. I shall not allow you to talk much till you are stronger and, above all, you must avoid exciting topics. I must leave you, for my time is never my own. But I shall see you again soon, and at my next visit, perhaps, I shall bring Ruth with me."

She raised her head, and a faint smile crept over her features.

"What, your sister Ruth?" she exclaimed; "I used to love her better than any of my school friends. I have thought of her often during the years that have come and gone since I last saw her. Tell her so, Gilbert."

"I will. Good morning, Christabel." With this formal courtesy I bowed myself out, and mounting Bess, rode homeward.

Christabel's face, with its great, tear-dimmed, black eyes, its tremulous lips and melancholy brow, haunted me like a troubled dream; my early love for her rose and clamored for utterance, and when I reached the quiet dwelling I had left at midnight, my sister Ruth declared I had grown a year older in my absence. Alas! when I told her all, she did not wonder, for she knew that my love for Christabel Lavalette had been the one absorbing passion of my lifetime.

CHAPTER III.

LATE that afternoon I again stood in the sumptuous chamber of Marston Dean. The sunset-light shone full on the brilliant snow-scene without and the solemn death-scene within, for the mysterious Dean was dying. He was bolstered up against a mass of soft pillows; old Hester sat on the side of the bed, stirring the paste-scented air with a gorgeous fan, and Roy Maitland stood near.

"On, the doctor has come!" said the woman, as I approached. Her master lifted his weary head and turned towards me his death-stricken face. The lips were parched and purple, the brow clammy; the eyes were fast glazing. I moved to him, and, clasping his cold hand, began to count the pulse, fluttering in his wrist. He was sane now; in the light of the eternity which was so nigh, the mists of madness had fled away.

"I am dying, doctor," he said, gazing intently at me, as if to read his answer in my eyes before I could syllable it.

"It is not my custom to prevaricate in such extremities," I replied; "in my opinion you can live but a little while."

A terrible groan broke from the sufferer.

"A little while," he echoed, dismally, "and I have so great a work to be done. Doctor Grantly, I have been a bad man, but I cannot go into the other world with my burden lying like a mountain-weight upon my soul. I cannot die as I have lived. Stranger as you are, you must hear me."

Roy Maitland sprang forward in the wildest agitation.

"Hush! hush! my master!" he cried; "you rave."

"No, he does not rave," said I, with a stern glance at the serving-man; "he is as sane as you are, and I believe you know it. Stand back, I say. Mr. Dean, speak on."

"I have led a strangely isolated life," resumed my patient, "and though curiosity has been on the alert with regard to me, none have been able to tear away the veil of mystery in which I have shrouded myself. I never thought my own hand would rend it—but thus it is. I cannot tell when the greed of gold took possession of me—I only know that from my boyhood it has been the regnant passion of my nature. To amass wealth I have sacrificed everything which honorable men hold dear. Would you know what drove me hither—what made me the hermit of the Pinery? Listen."

At this Maitland again started, and shaking his clenched fist at his master as he had once at me, shouted,

"Marston Dean, not another word!"

Once more I waived him back, and the dying man resumed, "Years ago I held an office of trust; the temptation to enrich myself grew too strong to be resisted, and with the assistance of that man, Roy Maitland, I embezzled the public funds, and managed to fasten suspicion on an innocent person. He was arrested, tried, convicted and condemned to life-long imprisonment, while I fled. Roy Maitland and old Hester, a tool of his, to whom he declared he had been obliged to confide my secret, were the companions of my flight. I made myself a home in England, and under the name of Marston Dean married a beautiful girl. But I was not capable of a true love; I was cold, selfish and exacting; I made her lot worse than the lowest bond-woman. In this course I was approved by Maitland and that despicable old woman—nay, more, they incited me to fiendish cruelty. Two children were born to us during the five years we lived together, one of them soon lay low, the other a bright-eyed babe, when I was startled by learning that in some way my disgrace had been blazoned abroad. By night I fled from my luxurious home, leaving my wife and child, but taking with me my evil geni, Hester and Roy. We came to Norwood, we sought refuge at the Pinery, and little by little I gathered around me the luxuries which had become so essential. For a few months I thought myself safe from discovery; but the guile never is safe. From that time there was fever in my blood—a tempest in my brain. Last night my sufferings were deepened a thousandfold by a paragraph in one of the evening journals, which asserted that the mysterious tenant of the Pinery was none other than the notorious fugitive from justice, Antoine Dupont!" Overcome by the effort he had made, the wretched man closed his eyes and lay for a time in stupor. At length, however, he started up with sudden energy.

"Roy Maitland," he cried, "you have been a curse to me—I never should have been half as vile had you not led me on!"

A savage laugh, that sounded like a demon's triumphant howl, broke from the serving-man.

"Ah!" he shouted, springing forward, and glaring on the dying man like a tiger on its prey, "I know it—I have been the master and you the slave—I have incited you to deeds of which you would never otherwise have dreamed—and for what? It is sweet to tell you now, in your death hour. Hark ye—I did it for revenge! In your earliest manhood you won the love of Cecile Vieux—won it but to trifle with it, to make it the plaything of an idle moment, and then cast it aside! That girl was my sister, my orphaned twin-sister; and when she died of a broken heart, I and old Hester, the only friend we had in the world, followed you with a revengful purpose. You would fain have shaken us off, but we clung to you daily, hourly, weaving our toils more securely about you. We have had vengeance enough to satisfy the most exacting; had you lived a little longer we should have had more—ay, we should have had all your ill-gotten wealth in our clutches. But we have not been blind to our own interest during these years; we can do without the rest of your wealth. Good night to you, master."

And with a horrible leer he left the room, followed by old Hester. I was now alone with my patient, and bending over him, I asked,

"Sir, what was your wife's name?"

"Christabel."

"Christabel Lavalette?" I queried.

"Yes. Oh, Doctor Grantly, I would give every shilling for which I have schemed and sinned to see her once more, to beg her forgiveness. And the child—my boy—I loved him better than I love anybody else in the broad universe of God! I have been a poor father, but now, when life ebbs so fast, when I remember in sorrow what cannot be recalled, my heart yearns towards my child."

"Perhaps you may yet see both him and his mother," I replied.

"List: while on my way here last night I found a woman and a babe lying half dead in the snow. I took them to a woodman's hut, found them doing well. Sir, the woman was your wife, Christabel—the infant, your boy." The dying man started, his whole face lighted up.

"Will they come to me?" he murmured—"will she come, she whom I have so wronged?"

"Yes; I have no doubt she had come into the neighborhood in search of you."

"Send for her! send for her!" he exclaimed; "tell her I cannot die in peace till I have seen her once more!"

"But who will go?" I inquired. "Is there anybody in the house, now that Maitland and the woman have fled?"

"No; they were my only servants, and no neighbor has been called in."

"And I ought not to leave you alone," I rejoined.

"Never fear for me! The revelation you have made has nerved me up strangely—I can do without you till you run over to the nearest neighbor. Cool and impenetrable as I have been to him hitherto, he will not refuse to serve me now."

I tore a leaf from a memorandum-book in my pocket, and hastily penned the following note to my sister, whom I had left at Jim Wait's but two hours before:

"MY DEAR RUTH—Marston Dean is dying; he cannot, I think, live till dawn. In his agony a wild wish has taken possession of him to see his boy and Christabel again. I have told him that they are in the neighborhood, and he has begged me to send for them. Break the news to Christabel as gently as you can, and come with her and the child to the Pinery at once. I shall await you here."

"GILBERT."

I then descended the stairs, and opening the great hall-door, looked eagerly out. A fellow-townsmen was just passing, and I pressed him into my service.

Night had drawn on, with her glorious pageantry of moon and stars, when I heard a stop at the door, and then a loud peal of the bell. I hurried to admit the friend I had dispatched to Wait's hut, my sister, Christabel and the child. The wronged wife cast a wistful look at me, but did not speak.

"He lives," I said, in a low tone; "he is waiting for you most impatiently. Come, I will conduct you to him."

In silence she took my arm, and I led her to the sufferer's room. I saw her fling herself down by the luxurious couch; I saw him gather his boy to his heart with frantic eagerness; I heard him murmur—

"Christabel, my wife!"

Then I closed the door upon them, and withdrew. What passed in that solemn death-chamber I felt I had no right to know. At length a shriek aroused me, and I rushed back to the apartment. Marston Dean was dead. His baby-boy lay clasped in his arms, and bending over him, with the tears raining from her dark eyes, stood the widowed Christabel.

We buried him in the Norwood churchyard; and, a month later, we made a grave in the deep snow beside his own—a little grave—to which we consigned Christabel's child.

Time went on—week after week, month after month, till a year had passed since the death of the mysterious tenant of the Pinery. Christabel still dwelt there in strict seclusion, though more than one admiring eye was cast at the young widow, whose graceful, black-robed figure might be seen flitting to and fro amid the perpetual shadows which brooded over the place. She and my sister Ruth had renewed their old intimacy, but towards me her manner was marked by a restraint that pained me deeply. At last, when a twelvemonth had gone round, I resolved to ask the question which had so long trembled on my lips. One spring day I found her sitting by the two graves in the churchyard.

"Christabel," I murmured, "is your heart buried in the grave of him who was known here as Marston Dean?"

"No—oh, no!" she cried; "I have muffled my tongue and kept a strict guard upon my actions; but now I must speak out—must, for the first time in many tedious years, be perfectly frank with you. I was betrothed to him when you poured the story of your love into my ear—betrothed, not of my own will, but to save my father from beggary."

"And did you love me then, Christabel?"

"Yes, better than life itself, and it seemed like sealing my death-warrant to tell you I could never be more than your friend."

"I could not love another, Christabel. My love for you is a thousand-fold deeper, purer than of yore. Will you be mine, dearest?"

"If you will take me, Gilbert—me, a poor, faded creature, the mere wreck of my former self—by no means the Christabel of your early dream."

I silenced her with a long, low kiss, and then, in my happiness, I felt that the bliss of that hour atoned for all the gloom, the suffering of the past.

We were married soon afterwards—married quietly in the village

church—and, during the three years which have come and gone by since our bridal, the glow has returned to her olive cheek, the glad light to her eye, the joyous ring to her voice and laugh; and many times each day, in the fulness of my heart, I thank my God that he has given me such a wife as Christabel!

ADA LEIGH;

OR,

THE LOVE TEST.

By Pierre Egan.

Author of the "Flower of the Flock," "Snake in the Grass," &c.

CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

Mat gave a glance at his cob, and then entered the hall. Winks shut the door behind him, and said with a rapidity of utterance that bewildered him,

"Missus been in trouble; Scorch and Witherem walked her off, gone to prison. Mr. Jasper makin' love to Miss Lucy; makes her miserable; she's gone to prison too; he's gone to prison; Scorch and Witherem gone too. Oh! oh! oh! I shall die! I shall die! I won't stop here. I'll go to prison too. Oh! oh! oh! I am so-so-so wretch-wretch-wretched!"

She covered her blackened temples with her sooty hands, and cried bitterly.

Mat let her tears have way for a little while, then patting her on the head, said,

"Something grievous has happened, I can see, my poor little maid; but dry your tears and tell me quietly all you can; who knows? I may set all things right again. Do you know that once upon a time, a large lion was covered up and prisoned in a strong net, and a little wee mouse came to it, and gnawing the net to pieces set the lion free?"

"Did it, though?" said Winks, in wonder, looking up through her tears.

"Yes, in truth, so the story goes," returned Mat, "and if we set to work who can tell what we can do?"

"If we on'y could—oh, if we on'y could, sir," she cried, clasping her hands.

"I'll show you how to begin," he answered. "You first wipe your eyes, and then tell me slowly, bit by bit, all you know of what has happened, and I will try and do all the rest."

Winks wiped her eyes and commenced a long rambling statement; sometimes speaking slowly as requested, and at others, with passionate vehemence of gesture and manner, at intervals talking clearly and calmly, and at other times drowning utterance with her sighs and sobs.

At last Mat made out that Mrs. Alabaster had been plunged into debt by a sea captain; that Scorch and Witherem were the people who, on that account, had sent her to prison; that there was one, Mr. Jasper Olive, who was a thief, and who exercised his skill in the art whenever he could get the chance, although he lived there and pretended to be respectable; that this man was deeply in love with Miss Lucy, and was trying, by trickery and cajolery, to lure her into a marriage with him; that this man had accompanied Miss Lucy in the morning to the prison, to see her mother, and—to crown the whole story, Winks added—that the very man who had aided in capturing the parent, had escorted the daughter and Mr. Olive to their destination.

Where was the prison? was Mat's natural question. Alas! Winks knew not; all she knew was that they had all taken the direction which would conduct them to London.

After a few moments' cogitation, Mat decided upon following them. He left a message with Winks for Lucy, to be delivered to her only, that he who had been instrumental in saving her from an accident, had called to confer with her mother, on a matter likely to prove of importance to her, and should his efforts to discover where she was at present incarcerated prove ineffectual, he would that evening return to Waltham Green, to see Miss Lucy.

Mat patted Winks on the shoulder, bade her keep up her spirits, and assured her no harm should come to her young lady if he had the power of averting it. Winks with laughter and tears thanked him, and as he mounted his cob and galloped away, she waved her cap, danced with more energy, and sung with greater spirit, "Oh, let us be joyful," than she had ever done before.

Mat as he pursued his way at a smart pace, thought more about the revelation he had heard respecting Mr. Jasper Olive than he did about any one thing else. He felt anxious to see the Mr. Olive who had received so bad a character from Winks. It was terrible to think that a girl so beautiful as Lucy should be sacrificed to a knave whose personal appearance, it seemed according to the dingy girl's account, was as demoniacal as his nature was diabolical. Mat took at once a strong aversion to him, and resolved that as far as he could contrive it, he should not have much sunshine for his haymaking.

It was a pity that Mat, as he approached London, and passed at a sharp trot a hackney carriage proceeding at a leisurely pace, did not hear a faint exclamation issue from it; if he had, and had turned his head, he would have seen the anxious face of Lucy looking out of the window.

She saw him as he passed, and involuntarily uttered a cry of recognition, but before she could do more, he had shot far ahead, unconscious that he was rapidly leaving behind the very person he was so anxious to discover.

He was unconscious also that he was followed by a horseman mounted upon a coal-black mare, whose speed was regulated to a nicety by the rider. She had evidently the power of proceeding at a marvellous pace without appearing to do so, for her rider kept a uniform distance between himself and Mat, only by using a tight rein. The mare seemed to steal along, and without the clatter which usually accompanies a horse moving at a swift rate.

As Brompton was reached, the horseman gave the rein to the mare, and by the time a busy part of the road was gained, he was alongside Mat.

"Good morning, friend," he cried in a low but clear tone.

Mat turned his head swiftly, and found at his side, looking at him with a sly, furtive grin, Noah Loach.

Mat pricked his cob with his spurs as he nodded slightly, but at the same time he made an impatient gesture of the hand as though to decline conversation. But Mr. Loach was not to be so checked or restrained.

Mat found that his cob at his best pace was totally unable to shake off the black mare, which with ease at its gliding running motion, kept by his side; so at length Mat turned his face towards Loach, and with a knitted brow, said,

"What do you want with me?"

"Only a trifling piece of business," he returned.

"Well, out with it," said Mat; "for I am at present occupied on a matter which presses."

Noah Loach smiled in the same unpleasant manner as before.

"I wish to draw your attention to a circumstance which has perhaps escaped your memory," he said to Mat.

"You recently visited my humble establishment, making a brief stay I admit, but you went away with—"

"Beware what you say," exclaimed Mat, sharply and fiercely interrupting him.

Loach shrugged his shoulders, as he observed,

"I am surely justified in reminding you that you departed so early, that no one was up in the establishment to receive the amount you intended to pay for your accommodation!"

Mat could not repress a smile.

"Name the sum, I will give it to you now. I confess I did not think of it," he said.

"Not here," he answered; "the first place we stay at."

Mat cast a keen glance at his face, but as he could decipher no-

thing there which should lead him to object to the proposition, he silently assented. They rode on a short distance without speaking, but Mat broke the silence by saying,

"Is Hardress still at your house?"

Loach grinned craftily.

"No, no," he returned, in an oily tone. "He discovered, on the morning after your departure, that a young lady he had placed at my house had disappeared too; and he charged you with abducting her. It was no business of mine; so I listened to his furious ebullition of rage, and saw him depart in a frenzy, vowing never to come near my house again, with very great satisfaction, I assure you—for he was a most exacting and troublesome customer."

Mat looked hard at the man as he uttered the words, but his countenance wore only that sleek grin which was so unpleasant to almost every one who beheld it.

"Did you not in any way assist him in attempting to discover what had become of the young lady of whom you speak?" inquired Mat, in a tone a little too emphatic.

Noah Loach's features underwent no change, and he said quietly,

"He imagined she would proceed direct to Bristol, and he sent me to the railway-station to watch; but I wasted nearly the whole day to no purpose. He bullied and swore at me because of my ill-success, and I am glad he has determined to come no more to my house."

Mat was thrown off his guard, and acting upon a thought which occurred to him, he said to Loach,

"Can you tell me where the debtor's prison for this county is situated?"

"Yes," returned Loach, promptly; "it is within five minutes' ride from my house; indeed your nearest way is past the door of the Lizard. By-the-by, if you are proceeding to the prison, you may as well stop at my house, and settle your reckoning, and receive from me a letter which either you or your friend left behind. It is sealed, and addressed to a gentleman at Willesden."

The letter of introduction which Cecil complained of having lost, instantly occurred to Mat; and eager to be of service to Cecil, he, without reflecting, fell into the proposition.

At the place they both kept up, they were not long before they reached the Lizard; and during their ride, Mat began to conceive that Noah Loach was worldly, but not so untrustworthy as he had imagined.

Noah would insist on Mat's alighting, if only for a minute, and conducted him by a long narrow passage into a rather dimly lighted apartment.

"One moment," said Loach; "we will soon throw a better light on the state of affairs."

He glided out of the room with lightning-speed, slammed the door to, locked and barred it without, and hastily retreated along the corridor.

Mat was for a moment powerless. Then he stamped his foot passionately.

"Fool!" he cried, "to be so tricked."

He walked to the window; it was barred vertically and horizontally.

"Imprisoned!" he muttered; "that is certain; but only for a time. Gilbert Hardress, come when you may, you shall find me prepared for the interview."

As he spoke, he drew from his pocket a brace of neatly finished pistols, and examined them carefully.

CHAPTER XXIII.—JASPER OLIVE'S WAY TO A WOMAN'S HEART.

JASPER OLIVE heard the involuntary exclamation which burst from Lucy's lips when Mat Holyoak passed the vehicle in which they were proceeding to town. He followed the direction of her eyes, and his own fell on the face of Mat Holyoak.

A flush of heat passed over his frame. He recognized him as the messenger from Mr. Spencer Leigh, and it was evident that Lucy knew him. How? Where?

He grated his teeth together savagely, and would have put a thousand questions to her, but for Phibbs, the odious Phibbs, who sat by Lucy's side and talked incessantly, and with a complacency which prevented him noticing that she scarcely listened to or heeded a word he said. Only was she attentive when he sought to convey hope to her disconsolate heart, by sketching out modes by which to effect the release of her mother; but when attempting to dilate on such plans, Jasper sharply intertered, poohed and pished at all he said, until Phibbs felt that his dignity was insulted, and before a lady too! The Snare's clerks fancied themselves sharp, he reflected, but the Scorch and Witherem's could give them odds at any time. Without saying a word, or slipping out a threat, he formed a silent determination to prove it, in order that Miss Lucy might learn before long, not to take all Mr. Olive said for gospel, and to believe that a great deal of what he, Phibbs, said was.

Jasper, however, became very silent after Mat's apparition. It was the first faint peal of distant thunder announcing the storm that was to follow; Lucy not only knew the young man who had galloped past, but she cared for him; had faith in his power to help her; would evidently cast off to the winds Jasper's proffered services for those of this stranger.

To a jealous, selfish nature like Jasper's, these thoughts and speculations were torture, and they brought serious apprehensions as well. He now longed to see Mrs. Alabaster, but it was essential his interview should be with her alone, and how was he to accomplish it? Phibbs he could dispose of, but Lucy, where was she to be placed, while he conversed with her mother?

He was almost jealous of the air that blew upon her, and he had no desire to request her to await in some spot where she was likely to be seen, spoken to, perhaps insulted. After puzzling his brains without succeeding, he arrived at a decision only as the cab stopped at the house to which the driver had been directed in Chancery lane. Phibbs jumped out, arranged his hair, and looked at his boots.

"Here we are," he exclaimed, "see ma' in a brace of sheks now!"

Before Lucy could accept his proffered hand to assist her to alight, Jasper arrested her movement.

"Pardon me, Miss Lucy," he said, in an undertone, "you are unused to such places as the one you are about to visit. In order to save you as much as possible from being shocked, allow me to go first and prepare your mother for your coming."

"No occasion, I assure you," interposed Phibbs. "Place not a peltis, but its better than mummy. If the odor of the hair is not so fragrant as hotter o' roses, I've smelt wues."

Jasper ground his teeth, and seizing Phibbs by the button, made a few rapid remarks to him in a whisper. His observations seemed to have a powerful effect upon the young man from Scorch and Witherem's, for he walked away with a low whistle, and Jasper turned again to Lucy, and said,

"You will find it advisable to follow my counsel. Sit back in the carriage, and remain quietly where you are until I come and fetch you."

"I am in your hands, sir," returned Lucy, sadly. "In this I am powerless to act, and can only follow your direction."

He bent his head, but there was a fiendish glare in his eye as he spoke. He turned from the door of the vehicle to enter the sponging-house, but he was stopped by his acquaintance, Mr. Fatlamb, who seized him by the arm the moment he recognized him, and would insist on communicating some information, which at another time Jasper might have deemed important, but which was now tedious and vexing to him.

However, it afforded Phibbs time and opportunity to sidle up to the carriage window and murmur, in a low tone, to Lucy,

"Chare up, miss, you'll find ma' comfortable, an' so shall you be soon; you must keep it dark, but I'll put you in away to get ma' out of limber. Bail is to be 'ad—I know how. Beauty in distress allus

'fects me 'art. What law would make 'ard, beauty—beauty makes soft. Well, a good day; I'll see ma' in a day or two, but keep what I have said dark, and you'll see which is sharpest—a Scorch or a Snare."

As Mr. Phibbs concluded he danced off, and looking back to catch a glimpse of Lucy's pretty though sorrowful face, he ran into the arms of an Irishwoman with a basket of flowers on her head, which by the jerk was precipitated into the road.

Phibbs, recovering his equilibrium, darted down Rolls buildings and through the narrow courts leading to Fetter lane, hotly pursued by the Irishwoman.

Jasper at the same moment got rid of Mr. Fatlamb and passed through the locked door in the passage up stairs to the sitting-room, where sat alone, in deep dejection, Mrs. Alabaster.

She looked up as he entered, and as she recognized him she ran up to him, and seizing his hand with both hers, said, with tears streaming down her cheeks,

"Oh, Mr. Olive, this is indeed friendship."

He shook her hand warmly, and replied,

"Be calm, Mrs. Alabaster, and be seated; pray control your feelings. I have much of importance to say to you, and but brief time to do it."

"I will, sir, I will strive to keep my feelings down, Mr. Olive," she returned. "But oh, this is very dreadful to be locked up like a thief!"

"Tut, tut, Mrs. Alabaster," said Jasper, soothingly, "many a better person than either you or I has been locked up, and with as little respect to right or justice. But we must begin to talk about business, for I must on to the city. I am much past the time I ought to be there now."

"Oh, I know that, sir; but pray tell me about my Lucy—my darling pet!—how has she borne this dreadful blow which has fallen upon me?" she exclaimed, with much emotion.

Jasper Olive coughed, and then in a Puritanical tone, which accorded with Mrs. Alabaster's state of mind, he said,

"She was much affected, you can imagine; still, she has borne it better than I expected. She has accompanied me hither—"

"Where is she—where? oh, let me see her! My darling, where is she? In all my affliction she is my sole consolation," cried Mrs. Alabaster, with eager earnestness and feeling.

"One moment, Mrs. Alabaster," returned Jasper, raising his hand to restrain the movement she made towards the door. "Miss Lucy is in a carriage at the door at present. I thought it better to prepare you for her visit—"

"Oh, sir, there needs no preparation for a visit from a child to her mother," again interposed Mrs. Alabaster.

"Under the circumstances, the course I have pursued is, I think, the wiser one," returned Jasper, with a furtive look beneath his eyelashes at Mrs. Alabaster. "Besides, before you meet, I have a word or two to say about your position and hers."

Hers, sir? echoed Mrs. Alabaster, with a frightened look, for Mr. Olive had laid great stress on the last word.

"Be kind enough to listen to me for a few minutes," he continued, "while I make you a proposition, which, I think, you ought gladly to accept, because it will end your trials and your troubles, and, if anything can, insure happiness to both."

"You have been very, very good and kind to me and Lucy, Mr. Olive," responded Mrs. Alabaster, snatching at any little glimmer of hope with avidity, though it was as intangible as a ray of light. "I do not know how I shall ever repay you."

"I am about to show you how you may do so," returned Jasper, regarding her with a steadfast look. "Your case as it at present stands, I find upon examination to be a hopeless one. You are wed firmly in the fangs of the law, and there is no escape for you—but one."

Mrs. Alabaster with an eager manner, said interrogatively,

"And that is—?"

"By payment of the debt and costs," he answered, emphatically.

The poor woman uttered a groan of despair, and sank back overwhelmed by the announcement.

"I am lost, lost," she cried, wringing her hands. "Oh, that death would release me from this bitter, bitter trouble."

"No, not lost," subjoined Jasper, quickly and emphatically, "I have a plan to save you. Pray listen attentively to me, weigh well every word I say, and bethink you of your situation and its prospects. If your decision proves favorable to my views, so much the better for us all; if it be adverse, you must of course be prepared to submit to all the consequences it will entail."

"You frighten me by this preface, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Alabaster, gazing upon him with mingled surprise and apprehension.

He raised his hand to impose silence and continued,

"My negotiations with the attorneys who have brought you here result in this, which they consider a most favorable offer. They will accept down, first a year's interest and the costs of the action, a sum amounting to no less than three hundred and fifty pounds."

Mrs. Alabaster uttered a faint cry, but Jasper without heeding her went on,

"A bond must be then entered into, with good securities, to pay at the expiration of the first year, one thousand three hundred pounds, being a moiety of the principal and one year's interest at six per cent. At the end of the second year, one thousand two hundred and forty pounds, being a second moiety of the principal and one year's interest of four thousand pounds; at the end of the third year one thousand one hundred and eighty pounds; the fourth year one thousand one hundred and twenty pounds; and the fifth and last year one thousand and sixty pounds; being the several moieties of five thousand pounds, together with the interest on the respective balances at the end of each year. I must say the offer is a fair one, but in whatever light it may be viewed, it is the best that is to be obtained to liberate you from a prison for life."

He paused to mark the effect his statement was producing upon Mrs. Alabaster, and he perceived that she was completely overcome. He had spoken with some rapidity, and the amounts appeared to her to be absolutely terrific, quite beyond the possibility of their being paid. Presently she looked up at him and said,

"I see that hopeless despair sits on the one hand—what is on the other?"

"Release from imprisonment, security from further danger of this kind, and happiness if you choose to make it, for yourself."

"Explain yourself, sir," she exclaimed, a strange feeling of dread creeping over her.

Jasper Olive cleared his throat.

"I will enter into this bond without bringing you in any way into the future liability, for I can obtain and furnish the requisite securities. You will therefore be released from all further connection with it."

"But the money, sir. Who is to pay the money?" inquired Mrs. Alabaster, not comprehending him clearly.

"I will, madam," he answered emphatically.

"You will, Mr. Olive?" she ejaculated.

"Every farthing, Mrs. Alabaster," he returned quickly, adding,

"but upon one condition."

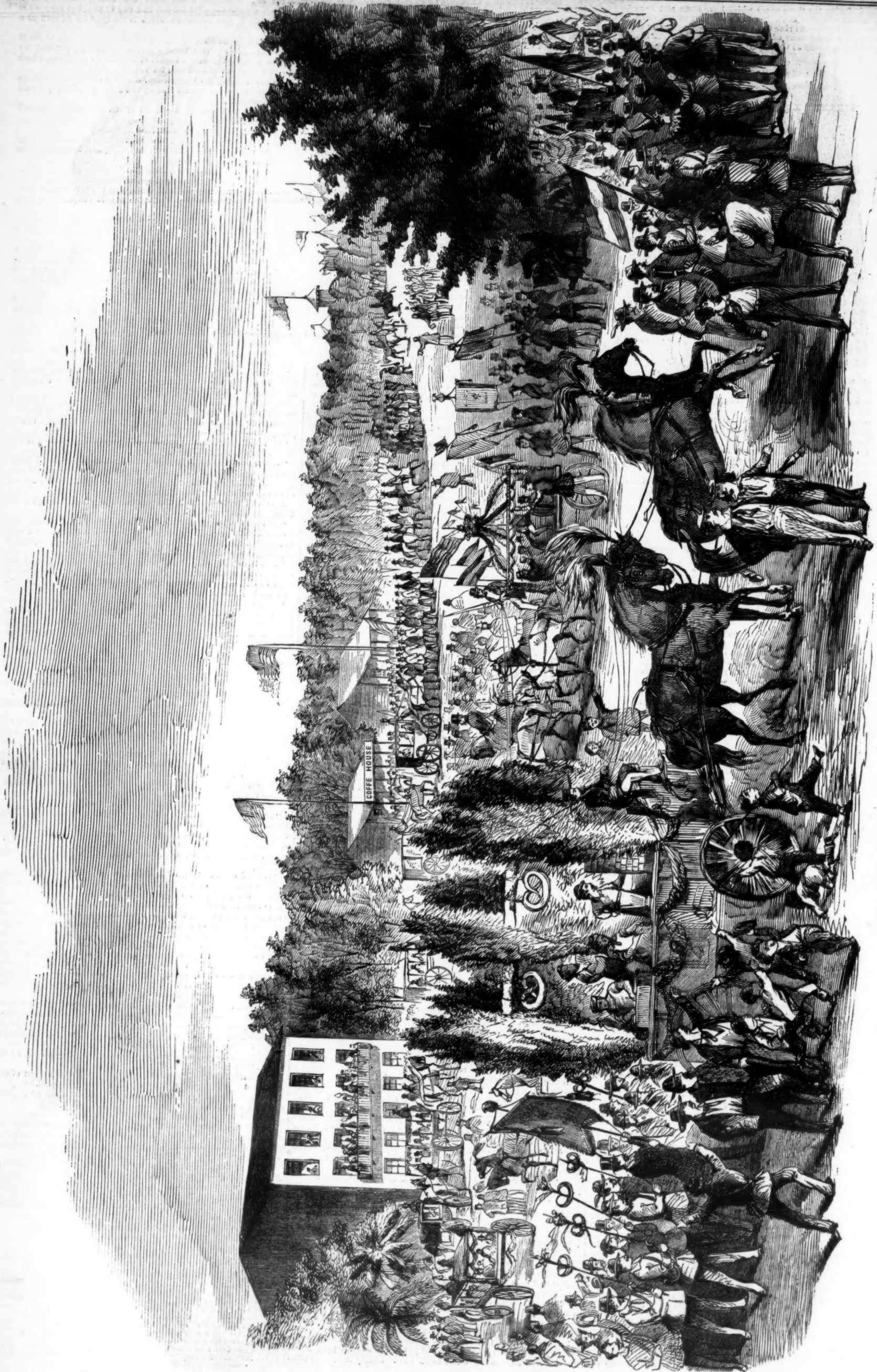
"What is that, sir?" she asked tremblingly.

"Your daughter's hand," he rejoined impressively.

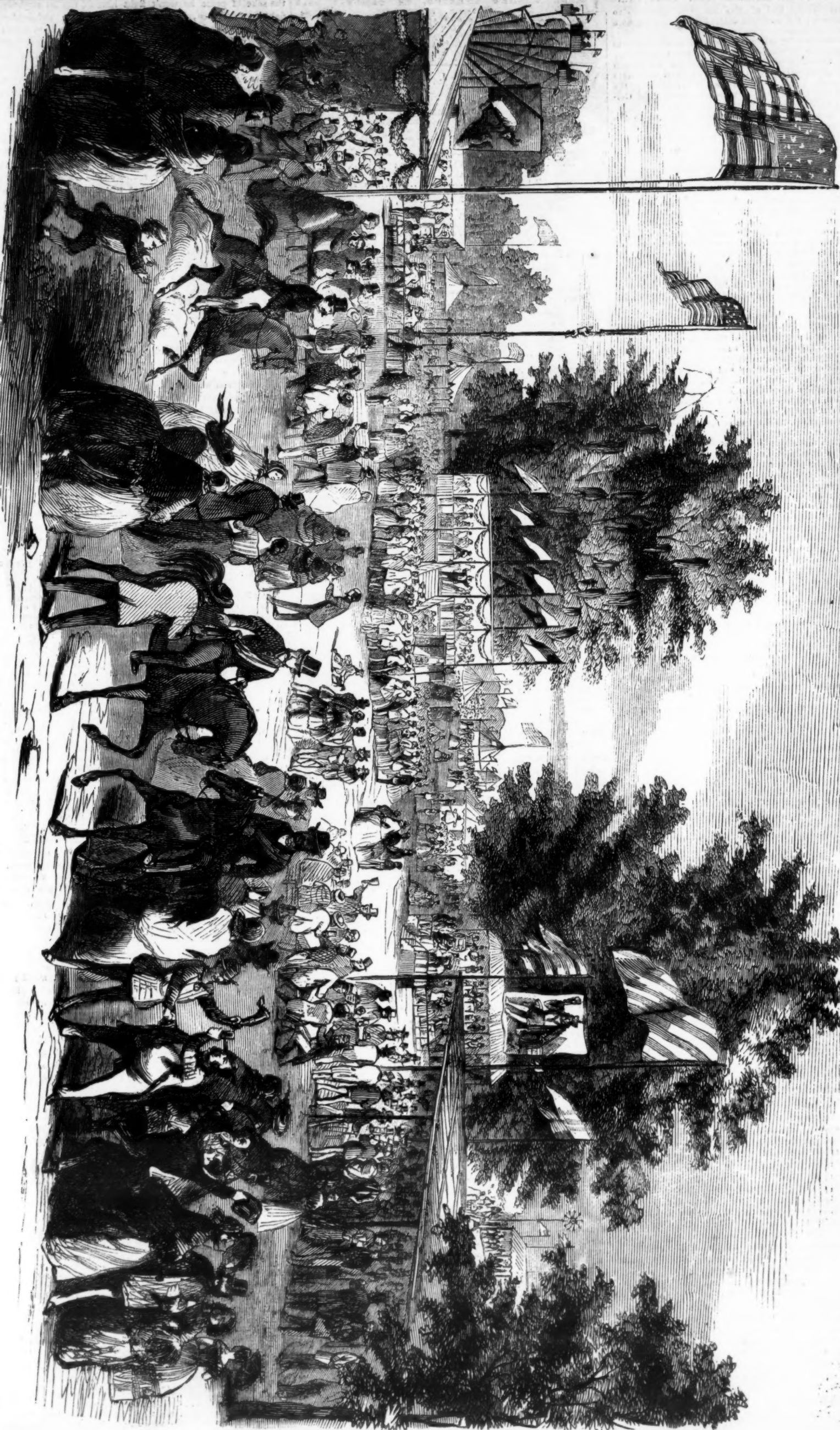
There was a dead silence.

(To be continued.)

A Brave Boy.—The Bangor (Me) Union says, that about noon, Tuesday, a son of Owen Tyler, seven years old, fell into the Kendunkeag, and was swiftly borne down the current. Among the crowd collected was William Belcher, a lad of about twelve years. He stood looking at the drowning boy a moment, and then exclaiming, "It is a cold one, but I must go it!" plunged in. He quickly swam to the struggling lad, seized his arm with one hand, and kept himself above water with the other. In this manner they floated down the east channel of the stream to the wharf just back of A. McKinnon's clothing store, where they were taken out. The Tyler boy was senseless when rescued, and so remained for nearly two hours. Young Belcher was very much chilled.



THE VOLKSFEST, OR GERMAN MAY FESTIVAL, AT NEW ORLEANS. SEE PAGE 402.



THE VOLKSFEST, OR GERMAN MAY FESTIVAL, AT NEW ORLEANS. SEE PAGE 400.

THE VOLKSFEST, OR GERMAN MAY FESTIVAL.

From time immemorial the first of May has been given up to revelry and jollification; and no nation enters into its delights more thoroughly than the Germans.

On the last occurrence of this anniversary, New Orleans was fairly taken possession of by the Teutons, and rivers of lager, their national beverage, flowed through the land. Even the well-known Fortunio's tippler of fairy land, who lapped up wells and rivers without inconvenience, would doubtless have been amazed at the amount of lager which any one of the hale and ruddy-faced Germans stowed away under his patent leather German text belt.

And not alone was the consumption of lager confined to the Germans; the frothed cups were held up and drained by the whole mass of some twenty thousand folks who had gathered upon the tented field, one-half of whom could never hope to prove a Teutonic descent.

The weather was fine and the preparations for the march went quickly on until the hour for starting, when the streets on which the procession formed became jammed.

The signal for the commencement of the march was given by the discharge of twenty-one guns. Colonel Bettinger, the President of the Volksfest Committee, headed the procession. Then came the other members, followed by the May Queen and her maids of honor, neatly and appropriately attired in white muslin, with wreaths of national flowers, in carriages. Then came an immense car, covered with wreaths of evergreen, filled with little children dressed in white and smothered in flowers.

Mayor Stith and other invited guests followed the children in white, and were also followed by a Glee Club, who enlivened the march with their choruses.

Close upon the Glee Club followed the car of King Gambrinus, who, sitting astride a beer-barrel, his beard flowing down to his feet, and covered with the white froth of the lager, which he was quaffing from an earthen boot; the car was covered with wreaths, and filled with the jolly king's own men.

The Vice-President of the Committee and the Turners' Society followed next, also a large number of the German population, who were in turn followed by the German Bakers' Society, who, in appropriate dress, were representing the modes of baking their favorite breads. After a large crowd of people came the German delegation from Carrollton, in the recesses of a vast moving grove of evergreens. The scene on the racecourse was a repetition somewhat of the year previous, with the exception that the flags and ornamental streamers were more numerous.

It would tire the reader to attempt to give an account of the endless amusements, the revolving swings and hobby-horse riding chases, animal shows, shooting the wooden deer, and gymnastic performances which were indulged in until the rain fell.

The dancing floors were the principal places of attraction, and the musicians tried in vain to satisfy the cravings of the hungry dancers, most of the Germans wanting to dance all the time. The rain in the evening before dark made the boards so slippery, that they had to be abandoned, and would have made an excellent theatrical skating ground. The tall timid-lady-frightening concern, the revolving swing, received a large share of the patronage, and seemed to amuse and delight greatly the strong-minded women and weak-minded men.

At the hobby-horse riding school a crowd went whirling around continually.

The rifle-shooting quarter, though not a favorite resort of the ladies, was filled with those of the sharp-eyed, quick-fingered member of the sterner sex, each striving to make the best shots, to gain the silver set and the splendid double-barreled gun which were offered as prizes.

The mark used on these occasions is a moveable wooden deer, which runs backwards and forwards, and while he is in view the shot must be fired.

The best practice was made by Colonel J. G. Poindexter, who made the only two centre shots.

But the grand feature in the day's amusement was the coronation of the May Queen. Miss Catherine Hanen, a fair-haired, rosy-cheeked girl, was the fortunate one chosen, and received with becoming grace the flower-wreath and the attentions showered upon her both by her female attendants and male admirers.

About six o'clock a gentle rain descended from very threatening clouds, and crinoline and draggled skirts melted away into carriages, booths, under trees and awnings, and for half an hour the field looked deserted, but in a short time the amusements were re-commenced, and were kept up until a late hour.

We give two engravings of the principal scenes in the procession to the racecourse.

THE OBERLIN RESCUE CASE.

THE cases before the United States District Court at Cleveland grow daily in interest. We have already mentioned the conviction and sentence of Bushnell and Langston, and of the four others of the thirty-seven under indictment who withdrew their plea of not guilty, and were sentenced to light penalties by the Court. The prisoners who still remain in the jail at Cleveland have issued an address to the people of the Western Reserve, setting forth the facts of their case, and declaring the reasons of their refusal to enter into new recognizances. They charge the Court with a desire to humiliate them and insure their conviction, but express a firm determination to follow the course they have adopted, preferring to remain prisoners rather than yield.

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The Great War.

THE City of Baltimore brings news up to the 12th. Affairs on the Continent may be summed up in a few words. The Austrians had been on Sardinian Territory eight days, and only advanced thirty-seven miles. This tardiness was the result of heavy rains and the rising of the people of Tuscany and Parma, thus, as it were, placing, as General Scott phrased it, "a fire in the Austrians' rear." It is probably also occasioned by a want of some General of sufficient promptitude to seize the advantage of the first move. It must be borne in mind that the Italian campaign of Napoleon the Third is not likely to resemble that of the First. Then two months settled the affair, for on the 17th of May, 1800, Napoleon crossed the Alps on his way to Italy; and on the 2d of July he returned to Paris, having in that time fought Marengo; but Napoleon's tactics then were a novelty, and took the old pipe-clayed Austrians by surprise; now the same system is part and parcel of the Austrian and Prussian army regime; we may, therefore, look to a protracted campaign if the army remains faithful to the Austrian Government. The revolutionary spirit in Italy is a disturbing element against that power, and will tell against her. The same, however, may work against Louis Napoleon, for if he withdraws a large portion of his army from France, there will be so great a provocation offered to the factions hostile to his rule as to seriously endanger his throne. We shall commence in our next a complete history of the war, illustrating the most striking scenes of this momentous struggle.

Jefferson Brick.

AN obscure author, who writes under the nom de plume of C. Dickens, but whose real name is "Boz"—we are indebted to "Appleton's Encyclopedia" for these facts—has, in his novel of "Martin Chuzzlewit," appeared to outrage probability by his character of Jefferson Brick, the model American editor. Who has not laughed at his inquiring of every newly-landed Britisher, "Which of my editorials, stranger, struck most terror into Windsor Castle?" We are now happy to announce that we have found out the "real original" of Mr. Dickens's apparent impossibility. For the information of Barnum, we whisper confidentially that it is one of the editors of the *Daily Times*. If we are asked for proof, we can furnish abundant evidence in a recent article on the war in Europe—in which he boldly maintains that, "As we have no motive, and no cause for going to war with England ourselves, neither can we permit England to go to war with any other power likely, in striking seriously at her prosperity, to damage us also."

After this, who does not feel how far our Jefferson Brick, in the flesh, exceeds the Jefferson Brick in the novel? Observe how beautifully he treads on the tail of his own coat! For

the sake of peace he won't fight himself, nor let anybody else fight! And then, like a true Doonbrook philosopher, he swears he'll knock England down if she thinks fit to fight!

Inasmuch as "England really belongs to the United States by reason of the vast interests in common between them," a blow on John Bull's portly dimensions will shock the nervous system of Brother Jonathan. This tender solicitude for the old tyrant is very touching, and places the two countries in the position of Goldsmith's Edwin and Angelina—

"The sigh that rends thy faithful breast
Will rend thy Edwin's too."

The world has been created somewhere between six and seven thousand years, but never before did mortal man, not even Balaam's ass—we will even go further—not even any writer in the *Daily Times*—ever before perpetrate such nonsense. It is such drivelling inanities as these that make our press the laughing stock of the world, for the European papers are inclined to pass over the common sense and liberality generally displayed in our leading journals, to fix upon some such choice specimen of arrant nonsense as the article in question. In the vague hope of counteracting this ebullition of brag, we assure our transatlantic cousins that the strange sounds in question came from the real genuine original Jacobs Jefferson Brick, who called upon Mr. Boz in 1842 to ask him which of his articles struck the most terror into Windsor Castle.

Italian Patriotism.

WE are led to believe that Mr. Joseph Mazzini is a great man, a man of powerful intellect, a statesman and philanthropist. While we are obliged to confess that, personally, we can see nothing of this, we are still willing to defer to what appears as a universal judgment, and admit him to be a great man, though it shows in nothing but his hap-hazard escapades over Europe in disguise; his pronouncements on the subject of liberty, individual and universal, which simply amount to nothing, and injure his cause, his plots and contrivances, that always result in failures, ruin and death to his followers. In spite of all these things, we must, perhaps, endorse him as one of the great men of the age, and treat his words with that attention which is merited by a leader of any great movement.

We are led to these remarks by the perusal of a letter from Mr. Mazzini, which appeared in the daily journals among the proceedings reported of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Of this society we have no remark to make, it is not a portion of this article, but of Mr. Joseph Mazzini's letter we have much. Here it is:

London, March 21, 1859.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to apologise for being so late in acknowledging the receipt of \$112, subscribed by you and others at the end of the lecture delivered at your institution by my friend, Mrs. Jesse Meriton White Mario, toward our Italian school, &c. I am very much pleased at my honored friend's first success and response to her efforts in the United States, to whom Young Italy looks for sympathy and support in the approaching struggle; and my thanks are the thanks of all the members, both teachers and pupils, of our Italian schools. We are fighting the same sacred battle—for freedom and the emancipation of the oppressed—you, sir, against negro, we against white slavery. The cause is truly identical; for, depend upon it, the day in which we shall succeed in binding to one freely accepted pact twenty-six millions of Italians, we shall give what we cannot now—an active support to the cause you pursue. We are both the servants of the God who says, "before me there is no master, no slave, no man, no woman, but only human nature, which must be everywhere responsible, therefore free." May God bless your efforts and ours; may the day soon arrive in which the word "bondage" will disappear from our living languages, and only point out a historical record. And meanwhile let the knowledge that we, all combatants under the same flag, do, through time and space, commune in love and faith, strengthen one another against the unavoidable suffering which we must meet on the way.

Believe me, my dear sir, very gratefully yours,

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

Now we are bound to throw out of the question the argument that this letter originated in Mr. Joseph Mazzini's ignorance and impudence, as we have admitted him to be a great man; we will, therefore, only treat it on the ground of want of policy. He says Young Italy looks to America "for sympathy and support in the approaching struggle." Does he think that letter is calculated to bring forth that sympathy and support? If he does, he much mistakes the American people. And if he is not sufficiently a politician to understand that people, upon whom he must build his own structure, he is unfit to be a leader of twenty-six millions of people hoping for freedom. When he utters such a threat—for threat it must be called—as is contained in that letter, he insults the whole people. It is no question of North or South, no question of slavery or freedom—it is something that appeals directly to each individual, making him look twice ere he extends material aid to a fanatic who threatens to give "an active support" to any party or body of men whose object is agitation and political disquietude. Mr. Joseph Mazzini is no politician, or he never would have struck so fatal a blow at his own cause as he has done with his letter to the American Anti-Slavery Society.

PARIS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

The War—War Correspondents—"François" not one of them—William Russell—Story of a London Man of Letters—Troops defiling through Paris on their way to the seat of War—Miaoli's Escape; Bouchardy and his Marionettes—Longchamps; Female Postilions that were to be but were not; a Story of the Demi-Monde—Marguerite in Eugénie to appear on the Boards—The Black Doctor to be made a joint-stock affair—The New Bonnet of the Empress, &c. &c.

PARIS, May 4, 1859.

Or war and the concomitants of war all heads in Paris are just now full. But do not expect bulletins from me, please. I am but an unpretending chronicler of the things that I see here daily passing before my eyes, and with the positions, numbers, movements and plans of the belligerent forces I have nothing to do. The minor and personal incidents of the campaign (and a campaign is now looked forward to as inevitable), may find a place in my letters, but more than this I shall not interfere with the "fighting correspondents" of the morning papers. For you know there are "fighting correspondents"—gentlemen, that is, who revel in carnage and are "immense" on sanguinary engagements. William Russell, the famous correspondent of the *Times* during the Crimean war, and undoubtedly the best of this class, has objected, I see, to take notes of the "murderous fray" now imminent on the plains of Lombardy. He recently arrived at Marseilles, on his way home from India. There he was stopped by a telegram from Printing-House Square, directing him to turn his steps—not towards London, but in the direction of Piedmont. Russell, for reasons of which he himself is probably the best judge, telegraphed back an immediate answer that he preferred the banks of the Thames at present to those of the Ticino, and the next day, I believe, continued his way homeward. It isn't every man who can maintain the purity of his style with shells flying in the air

and cannon balls ploughing up the ground at his feet, so that the *Times* people may have some difficulty in obtaining an efficient substitute for Russell. Perhaps something akin to their perplexity in 1854 will happen again, when they proposed to a well-known literary man in London that he should go out to the Danube in the capacity of correspondent for the "Thunderer." The offer was a tempting one and the writer had almost yielded to it, when all at once a conflicting thought came into his mind, and he said: "But I thought the *Times* had a correspondent at that place?"

"Oh! yes," replied the newspaper crimp, "we had a capital fellow there, with a graphic style, well up in geography and all that, but he has recently allowed himself to be taken by Russians, who shot him on the spot. But you needn't mind that; he is sure to be avenged. Nevertheless I cannot recommend you too strongly not to allow yourself to be taken by these Russians. If you should happen to be suddenly surrounded by a band of Cossacks, defend yourself with great intrepidity until some one comes to your relief."

At this juncture the man of letters happened to remember that he had urgent business which would require his presence in London for some time to come.

But, I am recalled from this digression—ominous at the very beginning of my correspondence—to Paris and its inhabitants by the sound of martial music in the street, and looking out of window I see a regiment of red-legged Zouaves marching proudly by, saluted by sallies of wit and encouragement from the admiring crowd. This defiling of troops through the city on their way to the seat of war is, indeed, the chief amusement of the Parisians now-a-days. The Frenchman of the nineteenth century still retains the bellicose spirit of the ancient Gaul. Of all his inheritances, the love of war clings closest to him, and it is through it that France herself is alternately ruined and saved. Which of these shall it be in this year of our Lord 1859? Who can tell?

When Paris is not sitting by its own fireside in the evening it is very apt to be at the theatre. This latter was the case a few nights ago, when a great melo-drama, in five acts and innumerable tableaux (French melo-dramas usually average three of these last to the act), was represented for the first time. The play, "Micael l'Esclave" is the production of Monsieur Bouchardy, a dramatist of the "raw head and bloody bones" order, who attained some notoriety several years ago by his "Gaspardo le Pecheur." This Micael of to-day is a very near relative of the Gaspardo of former times, but either the Parisian taste has become dulled to this class of drama, or the author has not made so effectual a piece as in the first instance; for the houses are by no means good; the critics "damn with faint praise," and there is a prospect of a change in the *affiche* very shortly. I should not have introduced M. Bouchardy at such length here if it were not for a little peculiarity attached to the manufacture of his plays, which I had designed jotting down for your benefit. Know, then, that this eminently laborious author (it took him two years to write this last play), has constructed in his apartment a miniature theatre, in which the actors are *marionettes* of his own fashioning. So soon as he conceives the idea of a play quick he flies to his obedient wooden actors, makes of one a humble lover, of another a persecuted princess, and of a third a black-bearded tyrant, persecutor of the princess aforesaid, in accordance with the custom of all well-regulated melo-dramas. By pulling the strings these "dummies" are made to go through with the requisite "stage-business" of the piece, and the author himself supplies them with the dialogue, shifting his tones alternately from the plaintive wailings of the woe-begone princess and the impassioned outbursts of her lover to the deep-stomachic denunciations of the relentless tyrant. When M. Bouchardy is undecided as to a portion of the dialogue which he puts in the mouths of these automatons he falls back upon the critical acumen of the *concierge* and his wife, whom he calls in as his literary judges. Their decrees are considered final, and the author alters his play according to their suggestions. The fable over again, you see, of Moliere reading his plays to his old house-servant—with this difference, however, that Moliere was a man of genius and M. Bouchardy is not.

Longchamps this year was, to the majority of people, quite as gay and brilliant as usual, though, in the eyes of a certain class, a much looked for attraction was lacking. Something, which the harsh exigencies of fortune and a livery-stable-keeper nipped unfeelingly in the bud, was expected, but did not make its appearance. The story of that something is as follows: A bright, particular star of the *demi-monde*, one Mlle. Léocadie and two *démousselles*, her friends and satellites, had conceived an idea which was destined to create a sensation in the carrying out.

An open carriage, the most splendid procurable, was to be filled by Mlle. Léocadie and her gorgeous raiment. So far nothing out of the way; but the end is not yet. The carriage aforesaid was to be drawn by four horses, driven by the damsels above mentioned, in their office of postillions! Said damsels to be dressed, or rather undressed, in the regular postillion costume—top boots, tight breeches, body coats, lace frills, and black velvet caps.

In view of this great occasion of Longchamps, and the brilliant project which was to crown it, in the eyes of the *bonnes*, with glory, these ladies had taken for three months beforehand lessons in horse-back riding—*man fashion*! Now the keeper of the livery-stable who was to furnish the carriages and horses on this occasion, got wind of this plan, and, influenced by that disgusting spirit of precaution which characterizes livery-stable keepers all the world over, he refused to allow the "turn out" to be taken out before the cost of it had been deposited with him. He had no great faith in the dexterity acquired by these headless postillions in a three months' attendance at a riding-school, and considered Mlle. X. and Z. too inexperienced (who would have thought it?) Fearing that he would have his horses brought back to him hopelessly crippled, and his carriage dashed into infinitesimal bits, he exacted a preliminary security, which the young ladies, spite of all their efforts, were unable to realize. So the magnificent project was perforce abandoned, to the unutterable chagrin of the *demi-monde* in general and Mlle. Léocadie, X. and Z. in particular. These livery-stable keepers have a great deal to answer for!

I hope you have not forgotten Marguerite la Huguenote, whose frenetic dancing created such an enthusiasm in her behalf at the *bals* of the opera last winter. So astounding a performer in this line could not fail to attract the attention of the Parisian managers, always on the look out for a popular novelty, and Marguerite has been engaged at the theatre of the *Déclassements-Comiques*, much to the disgust of the female portion of the company, who demur at being put on a level with a simple heroine of the public balls. The piece in which the feet of Mlle. Marguerite will make their *début* has been already written by a stockbroker of note (there is quite a foot-light mania among bankers and brokers just now, witness the late theatrical success of M. Mirès, the millionaire), and is called "Folichon and Folichonette."

The Black Doctor, of whom you have probably heard so much, now makes more money than ever, notwithstanding that he has been anathematized by the faculty, and specially denounced by M. Velpau in a book having for its title "The Truth about the Black Doctor." Such indeed is his success that I hear a company is to be formed to exploit (as the French have it), his operations. Thus, it is proposed that they shall give him the handsome sum of \$40,000 per year, find him in patients who have plethoric purses, receive the fees, and, all expenses paid, divide among themselves the profits, which could not fail to be considerable. The enterprise was to be written up by the editor of an influential paper, whose articles would afterwards be reproduced in the other journals at one or two francs the line. Nothing less than making the Black Doctor a joint-stock affair, and advertising him as they would a "Patent Life Exhilarator," or "Instantaneous Hair Dye." If it will "pay," however, you may depend upon it, it will be done.

One more paragraph, this time for the ladies, who will receive my apologies for being left for the end of my letter, and I am done. The Empress lately appeared in public in a *coiffure*, which has created a marked sensation among the fair sex; this is a white crape hat, having for its trimming on one side a *humming-bird*, swaying on a spray of lilac! I wish to be considered as predicting an ornithological maria among the milliners in the course of a fortnight.

FRANÇOIS.

AN IRRESISTIBLE APPEAL.—It is said that the Rev. Theodore Clapp, of New Orleans, gained access to Carlyle in England, when repulsed by the servant (with the door-closing remark that "Mr. Carlyle has just entered his study, and no gentleman can see him this morning; if the Queen of England should now call here and request an interview, it would not be granted"), by sending to him the following note: "No gentleman, but a man is at your door—a Unitarian, a Yankee, a Democrat and a Radical, all the way from the Mississippi, a careful reader and a great admirer of Mr. Carlyle, and begs the favor of a short interview, which must be granted now, or never this side the grave."

The Harpers versus Bonner;

Or, Piratical versus Business Honor.

A STRAW held up aloft shows the way the wind blows, and so in our every day life the action of men in trifles is a sure indication of their real character. Let the show to the world be what it may, the spirit which underlies all is revealed by trifles.

The Harper Brothers have long been recognized as the great literary pirates of the world. They have built up their house upon publishing works of authors to whom they have paid nothing, and the list of works so appropriated now numbers hundreds. Pursuing so long a career of wholesale reckless pilfering, it is not surprising, how cautious so ever they and their agents may be, that sometimes they are caught in the act of petty larceny. Such was the case when they published a copyright story which appeared a short time previously in *Putnam's Magazine*. Putnam, with the true instinct of a gentleman, presuming it was a mistake, merely notified the Harpers of the fact, did not endeavor to stop the sale of their edition, but was content with an apology.

So it was when the Harpers printed a story from Bonner's *Ledger*; an apology was deemed sufficient to excuse the mistake. Stories from the *New York Ledger* are constantly appropriated, mostly by mistake, as they are generally reprinted from English periodicals who steal therefrom without any credit, but in every instance Robert Bonner, with a liberal and gentlemanly sentiment which is natural to him, has excused the mistake as arising from one of the exigencies of the publishing business.

When this "honorable" firm boldly and unblushingly published our splendid double page engraving of Utah City, and placarded the city and flooded the country with bombastic laudations of their great cut, we passed it by in silence, although we knew it was not a mistake, but a well-considered theft; for they announced it as a view of Utah City as it was at that date, while it really represented Utah as it was two years and a half previous, or at the date of our original publication. But we forgave this unblushing piracy as we have also forgiven many of their smaller piracies of our engravings at various times since they started their *Journal of Civilization*, to exhibit the moral beauty of unacknowledged pilfering, and to rival us by underselling us, at a vast pecuniary loss weekly to their concern, which is compensated for by the Christian but vain hope that they may be able to drive us from the field.

Mark now how the great pirates act, when by a similar mistake one of their few *paid* for articles is copied unknowingly from an English source, as was the case with us last week. Procuring a copy of the country edition of our *Illustrated Paper* on Monday morning, by some dishonorable means or the other (for no copy is allowed to be issued in the city until Wednesday morning), they, instead of apprising us of the fact, that we might rectify and apologize for the mistake, surreptitiously notified our agents that they should hold them responsible for damages if they issued another copy. Thus endeavoring to destroy our entire country edition, and inflict upon us a loss of many hundreds of dollars, not from a sense of justice, but for the gratification of a contemptible malice, springing from a rivalry in which they are the interlopers, in the face of their pledged honor to the contrary.

We leave the public to judge these gentlemen by their acts, and we commend to the great firm, the foundation of which was built and is perpetuated upon the appropriated property of other men's brains, the course pursued by a gentleman under the same circumstances, and endeavor to imitate, even in a small degree, the courteous liberality of Robert Bonner, of the *New York Ledger*.

LITERATURE, NEW BOOKS, MUSIC, &C.

The Descriptive Register of Genuine Bank Notes, published by GWYNNE and DAY, Bankers and Brokers, 12 Wall street, New York. Among the numerous works on our table we find a copy of this book. An examination of its arrangement and purpose warrants us in recommending it to all dealers in money.

As long as our currency is so wide spread, of such varieties, and so easy of debasement by the hands of the counterfeiter and the bogus financier, works of this character are a necessity and a safeguard. It would seem that the possessor of such a work would find it next to impossible to be misled in the selection of paper money.

We have here, in a volume of one hundred and fifty large pages, an exact description of every genuine bill issued by the various banks in this country. To give an idea of the manner in which this is carried out, we will copy one description from the work now before us.

"State Bank of Florida, Tallahassee, a \$5 bill; 5s upper centre, six miles drawing a wagon loaded with cotton, house, oxen, negro, &c.; right end, an oval containing a female seated by a safe, eagle, shield, &c., 5 above; left end, oval portrait of Henry Clay above." By comparing the bill with the above description, the holder can easily detect its genuineness.

The work is typographically neat, and substantially bound; and its cheapness, one dollar, enables every handler of money to be its possessor.

MUSICAL.

Italian Opera, Fourteenth Street.—The event of the past week was the production of "Don Giovanni." The weather has been wretched, detestable, shocking; the rain down-pouring incessantly, with warm, close fogs; in short, suicidal weather of the most approved kind. But in spite of all untoward circumstances, Mozart's immortal opera attracted a very large and brilliant audience, though less to a certainty by a thousand dollars than would have been present had the night been favorable.

"Don Giovanni" has several times been very strongly cast in this city, once with Rossi and again with Sontag as Zerlina, both these admirable artists are now dead—and the cast upon the present occasion was singularly strong and effective. It was as follows: Teresa Parodi as Donna Anna, Madame Strakosch as Donna Elvira, and Piccolomini as Zerlina, Brigoli as Don Ottavio, Gasier as Don Giovanni, Amadio as Massetto, Janca as Leporello, and Barili as Il Commendatore.

This was certainly a powerful cast, and we are pleased to say that the glorious music received ample justice at the hands of all the artists. We have not heard Mlle. Parodi to such advantage for a long time. She sang the music with fine dramatic force and spirit, and her acting was really grand and impressive. Madame Strakosch was painstaking and excellent as usual.

Mlle. Piccolomini as Zerlina was truly fascinating; she sang the music deliciously, and her acting was so naturally artless, so quiet, and so prettily perplexing, that the veritable Zerlina stood before us in *propria persona*. It was an artistic triumph, and won the warmest appreciation from all present. Amadio acted up to her with rare spirit, and their scenes were admirable in every respect.

The other artists acquitted themselves in their respective parts with singular ability and success. The chorus was excellent, and the band, under the able direction of the popular conductor Signor M. Gio, merited the warmest commendation. Altogether it was a fine and most satisfactory performance.

The great event of next week will be the farewell benefit of Mlle. Piccolomini, which commences on Monday evening next, May 30th, and ends with the matinee on Tuesday morning the 31st inst. The performance will be of a very varied and brilliant character; and those who purchase tickets for the Monday evening performance will be entitled to attend the matinee on Tuesday morning. This liberal arrangement will undoubtedly attract thousands of

people, and crowd the house on the farewell appearance of the popular and charming Piccolomini. It is rumored that hundreds of ladies are coming from the places adjacent to the city to attend the farewell matinee. Our lady friends of the city will therefore have to be on the spot bright and early. Mlle. Piccolomini sails for England on the 4th of June.

First Concert of S. B. Mills, the Pianist.—The first concert of Mr. Mills at Niblo's Saloon on Thursday evening, May 19th, took place amidst a terrible storm, but was attended notwithstanding by nearly one thousand people. Every one was astonished to see so many there, as each one felt sure that no one but himself would go out on such a night. So large an attendance was undoubtedly a great compliment to the fame of Mr. Mills; but it was no greater than he deserved, as those who were present testified both by their enthusiastic applause, and by remaining without impatience to the close.

Mr. Mills played several times, opening the concert with a trio by Mendelssohn, in which he sustained the piano part with a brilliancy, delicacy and force worthy of all praise. His taste is exquisite, and his expression at once broad, grand, noble and tenderly sympathetic. Throughout the whole piece we never missed a note; no passages were slurred over, for his perfect mechanism and finely graduated power brought out every point, and suffered nothing to be lost. We have heard many fine players execute this trio, but Mr. Mills' performance excelled them all in every essential point. It was as perfect a performance as we could desire to hear, and the assisting artists rendered Mr. Mills the most efficient aid.

The duet, Moschelles' "Homage to Handel," introduced to the public Mrs. Mills, the wife of the pianist, and herself a pianist of no mean capacity. She has a good touch, neat execution and considerable force. She must have most decided merit not to be utterly eclipsed by the greatness of her husband, who played with her. The performance was keenly relished by the audience, who applauded it vociferously. Mr. Mills also played Thalberg's "Study in A," and played it with rare grace, precision and delicacy. The audience wished its repetition, but Mr. Mills wisely declined.

His great triumph was the performance of Liszt's new fantasia upon themes from Wagner's "Tannhauser." It is a piece of enormous difficulty, requiring the most perfect mechanism and enormous power of wrist. His piece is a fine imaginative transcription of the march in "Tannhauser." Mr. Mills read it grandly, and performed it with a force and spirit that stirred the people to enthusiasm, and produced an overpowering cry for repetition. The octave passages for the left hand were executed in a marvellous manner. In answer to the imperative demand, Mr. Mills signalled in acceptance of the call by playing Liszt's "Midsummer Night's Dream" in a manner which completely threw the "Tannhauser" into the shade. We have never heard anything more effective in itself, or any piece more superbly rendered. It was a veritable triumph, and placed Mr. Mills in the estimation of all, in the foremost rank of living pianists. His concluding piece by Chopin was a masterly performance, proving how versatile his talent and how capable his mind of interpreting every style of piano composition.

Mr. Mills is a man of rare genius; although barely twenty-one years of age he seems to have gained the highest point of mechanical perfection upon his instrument. His scale passages are equal in crispness and smoothness to Thalberg's, and in wonderful delicacy superior. In power we should judge he has but few equals in the world, while for certainty he is infallible—he never misses a note and never exhibits the slightest obscurity, no matter how enormous the difficulties tax his mechanical resources. Every passage is clear and firm, perfect in accent and rendered with that cool confidence which is the result of unlimited executive power. In every way Mr. Mills is a remarkable man, and we tender him the homage of our admiration which is due to the great executant and the intellectual musician. We trust that the success of his first experiment will induce him to give a second concert, in order to gratify that curiosity to hear him which is becoming general in musical circles.

Mr. Mills was assisted by Miss Brainerd, Mr. Simpson and Mr. Thomas, who were all well received by the public.

The Musical Guest.—No. 9 of this popular, cheap and useful work is issued this morning.

DRAMA.

Wallack's Theatre.—Mr. Wallack having at length brought his lengthy engagement to a close, we were on Monday last presented with Mr. Falconer's comedy of "Men of the Day, or Extremes," which is said to have enjoyed in London a run of one hundred and fifty consecutive nights. Without the elements requisite to insure so great a success here, "Men of the Day" is, nevertheless, a rather pleasing comedy of the old school; too slow and too long, we fear, to become a very popular play. The plot is simple and worked out with some skill. A certain Mr. Hawthorne, originally a miser, afterwards a millionaire, has left his fortune conjointly to a nephew, Frank Hawthorne (Mr. Lester), and his ward Lucy Vavasour (Mrs. Hoey), on condition that they are married at the expiration of six months after the reading of the will. Like a sensible fellow, Frank at once falls violently in love with the lady, and talks sentiment to her portrait when she is sitting in a chair close beside him, but presumed to be out of sight; but the lady, like the sex in general, refuses to be bargained away thus unceremoniously to any man. She makes up her mind, therefore, to conduct herself in such a manner as to make her intended believe that she is a foolish, silly woman of the world, utterly incapable of love; hoping that he will become disgusted and refuse the alliance, and as in the event of either refusing to fulfil the contract the other is to become sole legatee, she imagines that she will thus get rid of a husband and retain the fortune. All turns out as she expected, but unfortunately she in the meantime has fallen in love with the man she has striven so eagerly to rid herself of; but determined to have him, no sooner does she become possessed of the property, than she throws both herself and the fortune at his feet, much to his satisfaction and the disquiet of a mercenary suitor, Sir Lionel (Mr. Wheatleigh). This mere sketch of a plot is elaborated into three very long acts, by means of a vulgar old Yorkshire lady with any quantity of gold and audacity, most admirably played by Mrs. Vernon; her pretty daughter (Miss Gannon) and gawky son (Mr. Wallack); a lover for the aforesaid pretty daughter, an eccentric doctor (Mr. Brougham) who has nothing particular to do but to object to everything any one else says or does; a funny servant and the admirable exquisite of London comedies.

There is nothing especial to be said about the acting, for the characters are not sufficiently marked to afford a vehicle for the display of anything beyond the ordinary care and ability of this excellent company; but the play was beautifully put upon the stage, and announced for repetition every night until further notice amidst much applause.

Metropolitan Theatre.—Mr. Hackett has been playing during the past week at this house to moderately good houses. His Falstaff seems to be acknowledged as the Falstaff of the day; but for our own part we confess that it is not, to us, altogether a satisfactory performance—that it does not realize the fat knight of the text. On Monday of this week Captain Morton Price, the distinguished amateur, as he is called on the bills, and Miss Catherine Lucette, made their "first appearance in America" at this house. The story runs that this donning of the player's mantle by Captain Price is the result of a bet made with some friends in England that he would make \$2500 over and above his expenses by starring it for a year in Yankee land. He appears in light comedy and an operetta of his own entitled "All's Fair in Love and War."

Laura Keene's Theatre.—The "Dream," with its beautiful scenery and magical effects, has still possession of the boards, and although the house is not now so uncomfortably crowded as at first, still we should suppose that Miss Keene could, if she desired, run the piece far into the summer with profit. We understand, however, that, wearied out with the arduous labors of the season, she contemplates an early close of her establishment, in order that both herself and her company may have sufficient time to recruit for the fall and winter campaign.

Barnum's American Museum.—The "Irish Cousin" has gone at last, thank goodness. Last week the Howards began an engagement here, appearing in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" every night, and in various minor pieces during the afternoons.

Theatre Francaise.—Our French friends are back again, after delighting the Philadelphians for a night or two. They played that most excellent comedy, "Le Gendre de M. Poirier," on Wednesday evening of last week. "Le Vicomte de Léonore" on Saturday, for the benefit of Mlle. Son, and have many novelties in preparation for this week and next. The company has been strengthened by the accession of M. Chevalier, brother to the charming Mlle. Chevalier (the leading lady of the troupe), who arrived from Paris in the Arago last week. We have not yet seen this gentleman, but next week we shall probably be able to render an opinion of his merits.

Among the artists who have lately returned to New York we are glad to see the names of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rea. For nearly two years past they have been travelling through the Southern States, giving drawing-room entertainments, which were received with great favor.

DR LARDNER.

This eminent man, whose life has been as much given to science as that of his distinguished friend, Baron Humboldt, died in Paris early this month. He was born in 1790, in Ireland, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He was a voluminous writer, and did more to popularise science than any man who ever lived, not even excepting Lord Brougham.

He was well known in this country, having resided in some of our principal cities for several years. His works form a small library. He was twice married, first to Miss Flood, daughter of the famous orator, and afterwards to Mrs. Heavisdie, his elopement with whom caused so much scandal years ago. He leaves four children, one an officer in the British service. The eldest committed suicide, some thirty years ago, in the Serpentine River. We must not forget to add, that he had the honor of being private tutor and guardian to the famous Dionysius Bourcault, the dramatist—fit Aristotle for such an Alexander.



THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH WITH THE PRINCE IMPERIAL IN THE BALCONY OF L'ECOLE MILITAIRE.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE IN THE BALCONY OF L'ECOLE MILITAIRE.

THE French are essentially a military people, and it is, perhaps, to fall in with the spirit of the nation that the Prince Imperial, though only just two years of age, wears the uniform of a corporal in the regiment of Grenadiers of the Guard.

We are not certain whether the young *militaire* is put through his regimental exercises by the sergeant-major, but certain it is that he draws his pay.

During a late review in the Champ de Mars, the Prince appeared in the balcony of the Ecole Militaire, in the uniform of the regiment of which he is the *enfant de troupe*.

The troops were, of course, delighted to see the heir to the imperial throne dressed in their cloth, and loudly cheered the young warrior as their glittering files passed beneath the window at which he was seated in the lap of the Empress.

THE NEW SCREW GUN-BOAT.

THIS invention, of which we here present an accurate engraving, adds a new arm to marine warfare, now, like all war, fast being reduced to a mathematical and exact science.

This vessel, built after the ingenious combined plans of the Admiral Dupont, is now lying in the Seine, near the Bridge of Jena, Paris, where it has already been visited by the Emperor, the Princes Jerome and Napoleon, accompanied by the Minister of the Marine, numerous Admirals, Generals and other important personages.

This gun-boat, which by its elegant and tapering form one would almost take for a pleasure yacht, has just forward of the mast a single cannon, protected by a thick wooden wall shaped like a half circle, to protect the gunners from the balls of the enemy.

This defence consists of an oaken wall ten inches thick, overlaid by heavy iron plates three inches thick.

The piece, as the reader will perceive by the design which we present, has no open port-hole, an opening being simply effected in the wall which we have just described, through which the end of the gun projects.

In front of this formidable arrangement the deck is entirely clear; the gun being loaded by the breech, it is not necessary to sponge or load from the outside of this wooden shelter.

The vessel is manœuvred by two rudders, one at the bow and the other at the stern.

The principle of this invention is the dictum laid down by a distinguished French Admiral, that "the gun-boat is the natural carriage of the gun."

The piece, if we except a slight recoil, never moves from its place; the gun ever points directly through the protecting wall at the stem of the vessel, so that when it is directed at the point of attack, the two rudders acting simultaneously bring the bow around in the required direction, without its being necessary to disturb the cannon

from its normal position. These two rudders also govern the ship in its forward as well as in its backward movements.

It is useless, we think, to stop here to point out the advantages of this new system. To any one who at all understands the danger which a vessel of light gauge runs in presenting its stern to the enemy, the advantage is evident; since the tapering bows of the gun-boat, the only vulnerable point, have a calculated inclination, and the balls of the enemy coming against these, being unable to penetrate, rebound without danger to the vessel.

The cannon in question has a rifle barrel, carries forty-eight pound balls, of a pointed cylindrical shape, to the distance of seven thousand yards. Its system of loading is as ingenious as it is simple and convenient, and is effected by the breech with an extreme rapidity.

The requisite elevation of the piece is performed by a hand-spike, and the direction obtained by the managing of the helm. The ship is propelled by wind and steam. The steam-engine, of eighteen horse power, with which it is provided, is a masterpiece of perfection and strength, making two hundred revolutions per minute, and giving the vessel a speed of from eight to eight and a half knots per hour.

The bottom of the gun-boat is flat, and the spar deck is only separated from the water by a distance of ten inches. In this spar deck are lodged the captain and crew, with a degree of comfort that would hardly be looked for in such a restricted space.

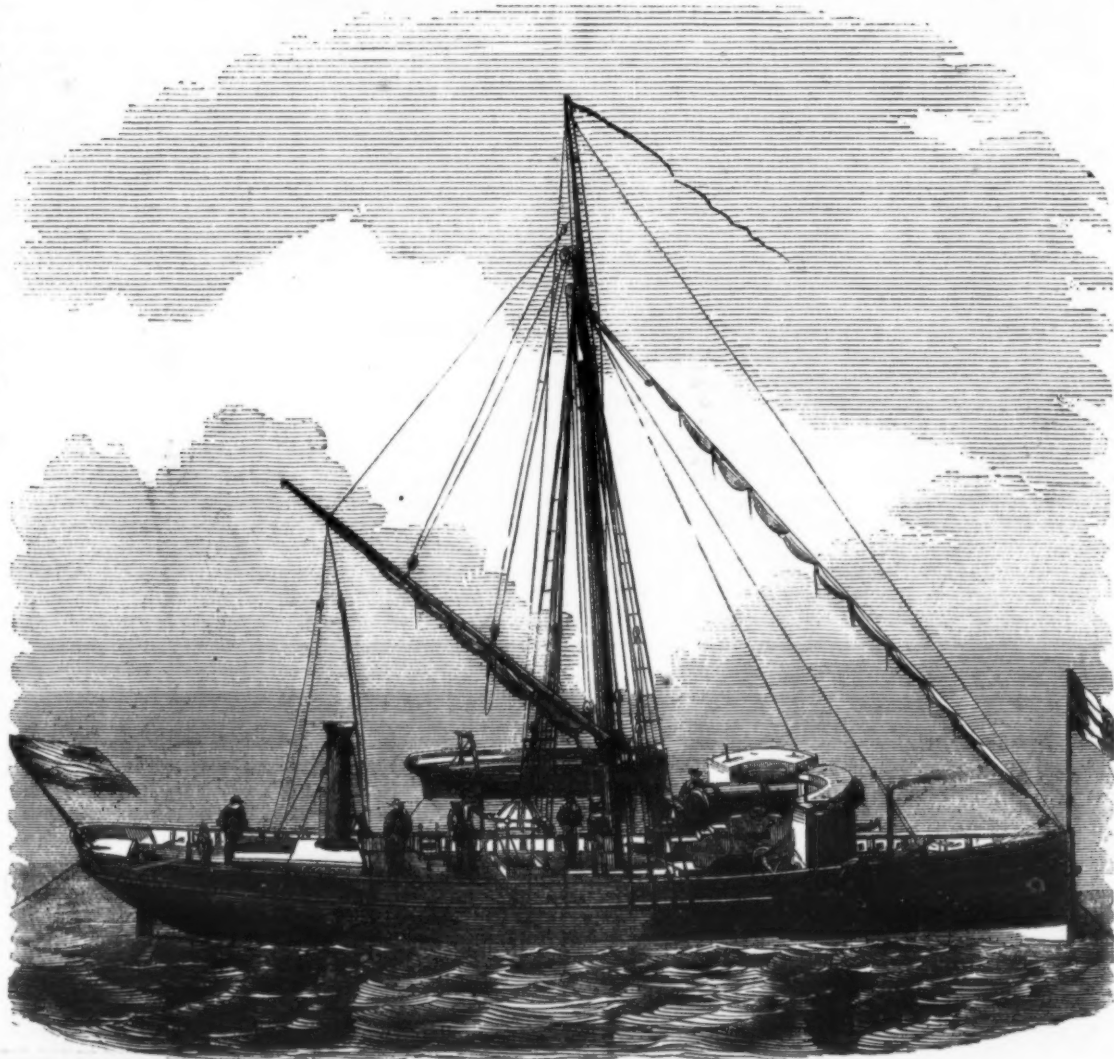
The gun which performs so essential a part in this new instrument of war is constructed on an entirely new and original plan, the idea of which was furnished by no less a personage than the Emperor himself.

The gun-boat of which we have here given the description bears the number eleven, ten others of the same kind having been built before it, sufficient proof, we think, of the efficacy of the invention.

DEATH OF BARON HUMBOLDT.

BARON ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT, the celebrated traveller, died at his residence in Berlin, on the 6th instant.

To the last he retained the brightness and vigor of his intellect and the cheerful buoyancy of his spirits. He has seen two ages—the last part of the eighteenth and more than the first half of the nineteenth century, and he has witnessed the greatest discoveries and changes that have taken place in the history of the



THE NEW SCREW GUN-BOAT, NOW LYING IN THE SEINE, AT PARIS.

world for many hundred years. Born in the same year with Napoleon, he knew the great Frederick; his youth was coeval with the North American contest for liberty; he admired the great Washington; the drama of the French Revolution, that convulsed the world, he saw pass before him, with its martial feats and its giants; and the German empire of a thousand years tumbled into ruin beneath the strokes of the mighty Corsican, while the philosopher wandered over the table lands of the Andes.

When a young man of twenty, after he had completed his university studies, we find him in the company of George Foster descending the Rhine on his way to Holland and England; he writes his work on the basalts near the Rhine. Immediately after this he proceeds to Freiberg for studying under Werner, the founder of geological science, and he writes on fossil plants. In 1791 we find him a student of mining and botany in the mining school of Freiberg. In 1792 he was appointed assessor in the mining and smelting department, and soon after removed to Baireuth, as overseer of the mines of Franconia. In 1795 he voluntarily relinquished his office for the purpose of travelling, and from that time until 1804 he was ardently engaged in exploring the Spanish possessions in South America and other parts of this great continent.

During his travels in South America he recorded and drew the sylva, the fauna, the geology, mineralogy, natural history and phenomena of that wonderful country. Among the rich collections of the great naturalist were six thousand three hundred and eighty kinds of plants hitherto unknown to botanists. The results of this scientific tour were given to the world in a series of volumes published in splendid style, and after the labor of twelve years. The work comprehends in the large edition seventeen volumes in folio and eleven volumes in quarto. It treats of the geography of plants, of zoology and comparative anatomy, astronomy and geology. It presents a physical picture of the tropical regions, and especially treats also of their climatology. It contains views of the Cordilleras, and depicts the old Peruvian monuments, gives a political description of Mexico and Cuba as they then were, and concludes with a general representation of those travels that formed an epoch in science and form the point of departure for a new school.

His "Political Essay" is a profound work, and has been quoted by De Tocqueville and many others.

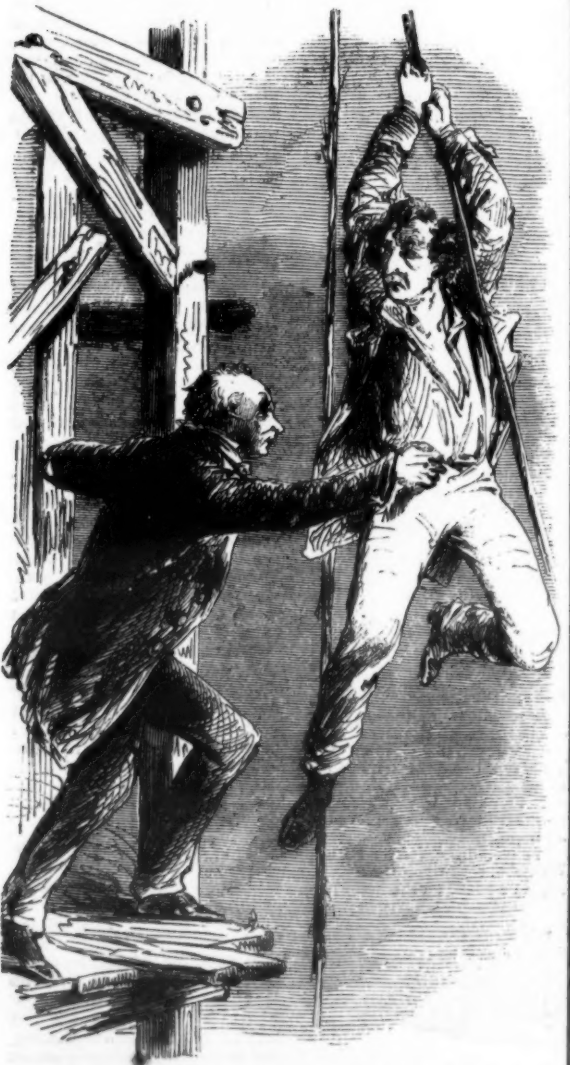
Humboldt is most popularly known by his "Cosmos," a work written at his leisure in the evening of his life, in which he contemplated all created things as linked together and forming one whole, animated by internal forces. The last volume of it has been only recently finished. He began this work at seventy-four years, when other old men, even the most long lived, seek repose. The outlines of it were in his mind for half a century. He wished to delineate how everything created on the earth and in celestial space had been painted in his own conception. With this last work, which is unique in literature, and has been translated into the languages of all civilized nations, his great intellect closed its scientific career.

We published some short time back a more lengthened biography of this truly great man, to which we refer our readers for particulars which want of space obliges us to omit here.

The portrait, of which we give an engraving this week, was taken but a short time before his death, and is the last one for which he ever sat.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT AT WHEELING, VIRGINIA.

WHEELING, Virginia, was the scene of a very curious accident a short time ago.



ACCIDENT AT WHEELING, VA.—A MAN CARRIED UP A HUNDRED FEET BY A DESCENDING BELL.



THE LATE BARON ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

It appears that on May 6th some workmen were engaged at the Catholic Church in hoisting up a bell into the place prepared for its reception in the cupola.

To effect this, there was a windlass on the ground and strong ropes were led from it through a snatch block in the cupola, and thence to the bell.

The men had been at work some time, and the bell was almost up to the open space in the cupola, and the workmen stood ready to pull it in, when one of the cogs in the windlass below gave way.

Another revolution stripped off all the remaining cogs, and there being now no control over the windlass, the bell fell with immense rapidity.

A man, named Thomas Newton, was guiding the rope on the windlass at the time, and was pulled up by the weight of the descending bell. Such was the rapidity with which he ascended, that before he was aware of it he was upwards of one hundred feet from the ground, and about four feet above the aperture where the bell was to be taken in.

Notwithstanding that his hands were frightfully lacerated, and the flesh torn from the bones by the rapidity of his ascent, he maintained his hold, and as quickly as possible worked himself down the rope to the aperture where the men stood ready to receive the bell.

Bishop Whelan, who was on the platform superintending the work, then reached out, and at the risk of his own life pulled Newton from his perilous position.

The weight of the bell is said to have been three thousand seven hundred pounds, and as it fell without hindrance, some idea may be formed of the frightful velocity with which the unfortunate man was drawn up.

Newton himself says that he thought of letting go the rope, but before the thought was clearly defined he was at the top of the building, and that, in fact, he had not time to let go his hold.

Some damage was done by the flying cogs, one gentleman receiving a severe wound in the face.

The accident struck every one with amazement; every one but the eye-witnesses being unable to believe that any one could have experienced such an accident and yet have escaped with life.

THE NAWAB OF FERRUCKABAD.

A Romance of Real Life.

A VERY striking scene has lately taken place in India. One of the Indian Kings or Nawabs has been tried before an English tribunal for his share in the grand Rebellion of 1857. There is something startling to the common mind in a drama where one of those gorgeous demons of the East is arraigned as a common criminal before a prosaic Islander of the antipodes. There is the turbaned and jewelled monster, whose smile was life and whose frown was death, changing places with the trembling slave, and knowing that his own life is at the mercy of another. It will be remembered that when Queen Victoria assumed the entire government of Hindoostan she issued an amnesty to those who had been engaged in the revolt, excepting only those who had put their prisoners to death. The Nawab of Ferruckabad belonged, unfortunately for himself, to the bloodthirsty gang of which Nena Sahib was the head, and he was consequently tried for murder and not for rebellion. After a long and patient trial, in which he was defended with singular ability by an English lawyer, he was found guilty, and ordered to be brought up the next Monday for sentence.

On the day the sentence was delivered, an anxious crowd of natives, deeply excited, occupied every approach. Very many of the civil and military officials, and other residents of the station, were also present in court. The President, having ordered the prisoner to be placed at the bar, proceeded, amidst profound silence, to pass sentence upon him. He said:

"Her Majesty the Queen's gracious amnesty has saved you from that extreme punishment for the crime of being a principal leader and instigator in treason and rebellion which you so ungratefully committed. But if you had committed only that offence, you would have to pass the remainder of your life in a miserable exile. But you stand at that bar convicted first of being accessory after the fact to a wholesale massacre of English gentlemen, ladies and children, with most of whom you had been living on terms of intimacy—that is, in the language of the law, you received, comforted and assisted the perpetrators of this massacre, and not only that, but honored and rewarded some amongst them. Secondly, you stand convicted of being both accessory before and after the fact, to the cold-blooded slaughter of twenty-two Christians, including amongst them women and children, who were killed for no other cause than that they were Christians—that is, you not only received, comforted,

and assisted the perpetrators of this crime, but you previously procured, counselled, commanded and abetted those who took away those unhappy victims from your own door. And, as if this were not enough, you have been convicted of this same double crime in regard to three poor natives (and there is reason to believe that others perished in a similar manner), whose only fault was that one was faithful to his salt, and that the others were carrying English letters. And what is your excuse for all these crimes? what? but that you were afraid of losing your wretched life (which after all has been forfeited), at the hands of the mutinous soldiery, and that you were a puppet in the hands of their leaders, some of whom were of your own kith and lineage. Even if it were true that you occupied this position, what a degraded one it was! how much of cowardice it showed in the descendant and representative of a family and race hitherto well known in Hindoostan for courage and manly qualities! But it is quite impossible to believe that this plea of duress is true, even if there had not been produced ample and trustworthy evidence to refute it. You were able to save the lives of Christians, and you twice did save such, once to appease the anger of Heaven, when you were sick and thought yourself dying, and once to gratify your own feelings and inclinations. You were not a close prisoner, and you did exercise all the powers of a ruler in this territory, and in their exercise you committed the awful crimes which I have enumerated. If for the innocent blood that is crying to us from this river and this land, we did not sentence you to suffer death, which is mercy itself to the cruel death inflicted under your sanction on so many victims, we should fall in our duty both to God and man. In the meanwhile I implore you to repent of your crimes, and to make your peace with that God whose laws you have so ruthlessly violated."

The prisoner (says the Bombay Telegraph) was not able wholly to maintain his unconcerned demeanor. Just as the enumeration of the fearful crimes of which the sentence of the court convicted him approached to a close, a change passed over his countenance, and his looks became downcast. Soon he controlled his features, and recovered the usual expression of his face, except that he continued to cast down his eyes. The sentence of death by hanging did not produce any further outward and visible sign. We need not add that no emotions of remorse were manifested. The prisoner has been placed, for securer custody, under a European guard in Fort Futehgurh.

We do not believe there is one American so debased as not to say amen to this righteous sentence. We ourselves only regret that we have not the same opportunity of punishing such Nena Sahibs as Governor Concha and President Miramon. But we hope our citizens will soon take all power from the feeble hands of the senile dotards who now hold it.

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or items of interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The writers of the numerous communications addressed to Mr. Phelan on billiard matters would do well to indicate whether they wish to receive answers to their interrogatories in "Our Billiard Column" or by letter. When they desire answers in the latter shape, they would do well to enclose a postage stamp.

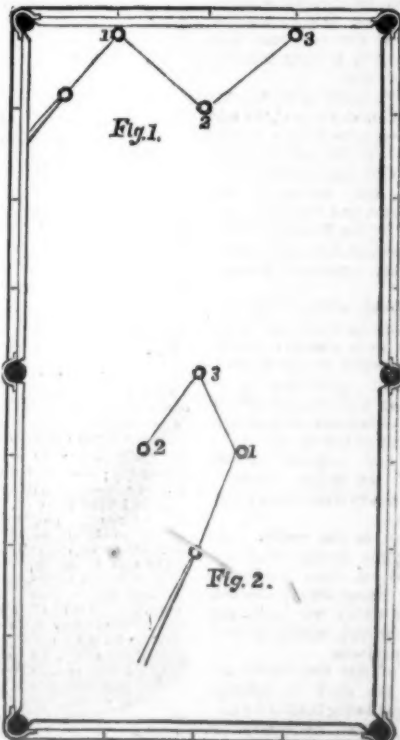
OUR BILLIARD LESSON—THE KISS AND FORCE.

The problem given in figure 1 of the accompanying diagram is to play on ball 1, kiss on ball 2, and carom on ball 3. To effect this, hit the object ball $\frac{1}{2}$ R., the cue ball being struck $\frac{1}{4}$ A. $\frac{1}{4}$ L. with Q.P. 2. In the second figure the stroke designed is to play on ball 1, carom on ball 3, and, by a force, carom on ball 2. This stroke is made by striking the cue ball $\frac{1}{4}$ B. $\frac{1}{4}$ R. with Q.P. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$, hitting the object ball finely on the left, as represented in diagram.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

EXPRESS COMPANY PROSECUTED BY A NEWSPAPER FOR NEGLIGENCE.—On the occasion of the late billiard match between Seecreiter and Phelan, the New York Tribune sent a special reporter to witness the match, who prepared an elaborate report, and entrusted it to the care of the United States Express Company for speedy delivery in New York. It was given to them on the afternoon of Thursday, and did not arrive in New York until the afternoon of the following Monday, a delay which rendered its publication useless. The proprietors of the Tribune have notified the company that they shall hold it responsible for damages, and that no compromise can be effected, except on the most liberal basis.

ANOTHER "UNFORTUNATE CARD."—The billiard match is over, but not so the struggles of the disconsolate backers of the defeated contestant. These gentlemen have come out with a card over the signature of Mr. Seecreiter—who, by the bye, is but a puppet, the wires of which are pulled as these gentlemen list—in reply to Mr. Phelan's refusal to beat him again. The public were universally under the impression that all the concessions yielded, all the odds given, all the disadvantages incurred, were yielded, given and incurred by Mr. Phelan, but Mr. Seecreiter's backers now find out that the opposite was the case.



OUR BILLIARD LESSON—THE KISS AND FORCE.

In the result of their antagonistic wisdom, the card which bears the name of John Seeritter, published in the last number of *Porter's Spirit*, they set forth their reasons for so thinking, arranging them in a categorical manner, marked 1st, 2d and 3d. This arrangement is eminently lawyerlike and commendable.

Before firing off cannon No. 1, however, they make Mr. Seeritter take the blame of the horns, by grasping with that "unfortunate card." Mr. Seeritter acknowledges that "by the match he had been so annoyed pending the play, he had resolved never to play another. He did not intend publishing this resolution, but it was published by one of his friends, under the supposition that, by so doing, he was carrying out his wishes." We assert that that "unfortunate card" was published, not only by one of Mr. Seeritter's friends but by his representatives. Mr. Seeritter could not have effected that object himself, for reasons known to himself and which we refrain from stating. It was thought a "trump," but the "trick" was a losing one.

The card in *Porter's Spirit* then goes on to state the grounds of dissatisfaction with the result of the match:

1st. The cloth put upon the table on which the match was played was of "exceeding and unusual fineness."

This is not the fact. The cloth was not finer than that usually employed, as several of the most distinguished professional players can testify, and was of the same description as the one which Mr. Seeritter has been playing on for the past year. It is fortunately in the hands of Mr. Phelan, and can be seen at any time by the members of the press and the public, who take an interest in the matter, at Messrs. O'Connor & Colender's, billiard table manufacturers, 53 Ann street.

"My friends," Mr. Seeritter is made to say in the card, "too confident to be particular, persuaded me to make no objection to the cloth."

This is also a misstatement. Mr. Seeritter did object to the cloth, but one of his friends scouted the idea that it was one of "exceeding and very unusual fineness."

"2d. The balls," continues the card, "were of very unequal weight, so much so, that I was all through the first thousand points in getting accustomed to them. I cannot estimate how much I lost in that way. I honestly believe that I lost at least two hundred points by it. It may be said that as to the cloth and balls they were as fair for one as the other. I answer that they were selected and brought on here by Mr. Phelan, and it is not likely that he went out of the usual course to his own detriment."

Now Mr. Seeritter insisted on playing with those very balls, and practiced with them daily. They were a set which Mr. Phelan brought on for his own private practice. Mr. Phelan informed Mr. Seeritter and his friends that two billiard balls played in New York would compete in furnishing the set of balls to be played with, and that the effect of this competition would be to insure as much accuracy as possible in the set. These balls were to be sent on in sealed packages by the makers, but Mr. Seeritter would have nothing to do with them. Losing sight of the fact that he was playing with a business man, and not a blackleg, he imagined that Mr. Phelan must be perfectly well acquainted with the newly made balls which he had never seen. Mr. Phelan said to Mr. Seeritter's friends that if Mr. Seeritter "were not gentleman enough to take his word to that effect, he would make an affidavit to satisfy him." But Mr. Seeritter insisted on playing with the first mentioned balls, and on being allowed to practice with them, otherwise the match would not be played. He was gratified; but it seems now that he is not satisfied.

The balls are also fortunately in the possession of Mr. Phelan, and can be seen at any time, at the place where the cloth is deposited.

"3d. Mr. Phelan," says the card, "knew my game well, having attentively watched my three long matches with Crystal; while, on the other hand, I knew nothing of his tactics or style of game."

According to Mr. Seeritter's friends, that gentleman's game has improved 50 per cent. since his matches with Mr. Crystal. How, then, could Mr. Phelan know his actual game at the time of the match?

"I knew nothing of his tactics or style of game." This statement is most decidedly false. Mr. Seeritter played 100 with Mr. Phelan, and was beaten 40 times, so that he knew something of Mr. Phelan's "tactics and style of game." The late match was Mr. Seeritter's thorough defeat by Mr. Phelan, a triple ordeal which must satisfy any one man. But Mr. Seeritter is not the only one to be satisfied, and his backers are decidedly dissatisfied.

The card declares that Mr. Phelan was in excellent health and practice, and that it was really Mr. Seeritter who was sick and out of practice. It states that on the evening of the match Mr. Seeritter was "not all well," but, unfortunately, he did not make known the fact by a "fortunate card" in the papers—he "kept his feelings to himself;" it would be well if he could keep them in the same position still.

All Mr. Phelan's friends are aware that he was suffering from rheumatism, and had no regular practice. These facts can be substantiated by incontrovertible testimony. As to Mr. Seeritter's illness on the evening of the match, it must have been of a very extraordinary nature, for he was in such glorious spirits and so jubilant over the victory which he thought so sure, that one would have thought he had inhaled a large quantity of laughing gas. A sickly fit may have come over him towards morning; we will not assert the contrary. Mr. Seeritter's friends would show more consideration for their protégé by remaining silent, than by placing him in such false and creditable positions before the public.

Too much zeal.—The seal of certain Detroit correspondents, who publish letters on the late billiard match, far outstrips their sense of truth and discretion. As an instance of the faith which the public can place in what emanates from these worthies, we need only say that the writer of an absurd epistle from Detroit to a sporting weekly in this city, charges Mr. Phelan with having published that "unfortunate card," which Mr. Seeritter, in his official statement, avows was published by one of his friends! Well may Mr. S. exclaim, "Save me from my friends!"

THE PRESS ON THE LATE MATCH.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. Phelan declines to play another match with Seeritter, on the ground that the late match was played to test their superiority; that question being established, another match would be only a money speculation, which Mr. Phelan declines entering into. His legitimate business yields him sufficient profit to live comfortably and enjoy many of the luxuries of life; and, besides, Mr. Phelan likes nothing better than the quiet routine of social and business habits, to which he has long been accustomed, surrounded and respected by a large circle of acquaintances from among our best and most substantial families.—*The Spirit of the Times*.

The New York Evening Post very properly deprecates the effort made, through the pressure on Mr. Phelan, to reduce the game of billiards to the pot-house standard. It says: "Seeritter was not only beaten, but easily beaten, and he ought to be satisfied. To proclaim himself 'champion of billiards' on the strength of a defeat is somewhat novel. We are pleased, however, to hear that Mr. Phelan refuses to play any more matches. The game is now in honorable estimation, and as it is a highly beneficial as well as agreeable one, it is not desirable to disgrace it to the level of horse-racing or prize-fighting."—*Troy Budget*.

It was something like counting the chickens before they were hatched, this going in headlong for "our man," and it undoubtedly will prove a charitable lesson to many of our people. It shows that, because we are convinced that so and so must result, there is no certainty that so and so will result, and it does not show that, because we have a blind confidence in destiny, it is safe to risk cash on it. We have seen the consequences. It is all very well for a theory, but it will not buy provisions and clothes, which, after all, are the substantial ends of life. If there are any who bear malice, we beg of them to forget it; if any cherish regrets, let them be philosophical; and if anybody contemplates another match, let them be put in a strait jacket. It is by experience that we profit.—*Detroit Free Press*.

The New York Clipper has the following, with which we must conclude for want of space:

We do not wish to be understood as taking sides with Mr. Phelan in this matter, but we must say that if the conduct of the Detroit gentlemen had been as straightforward and honorable in the recent match as was that of his opponent, Mr. Seeritter would have had no difficulty in inducing Mr. Phelan to renew the contest. In Detroit it was booked for a certainty that Seeritter would win; the chances of defeat were not calculated, scarce thought of, in fact; the battle was won for Seeritter ere it had commenced, and all that remained for the victors to do was "the shouting." We believe Mr. Phelan intimated his wishes for another match, should he sustain a defeat, and in like manner signified his willingness to accommodate his opponent, should he prove the vanquished party. But Mr. Phelan's play in Detroit previous to the match had been seen by the opposing forces; Mr. Seeritter's also was witnessed by his friends, and the result was to increase, if possible, the confidence in the latter, and make it impossible for Phelan to win. With this view of the case, and wishing to retain the anticipated laurels in his hands, Mr. Seeritter published the following card in the Detroit Tribune of Tuesday evening, April 12, just previous to the time fixed for the commencement of the match:

"Detroit, April 12, 1859.

"EDITOR TRIBUNE.—Sir—With your permission, I desire, through your paper, to make known to the public that, however the match may terminate, I have made a resolution to play no more matches of this kind. My reasons for this determination are entirely private and personal, and my object in publishing this notice is to avoid future solicitation. Yours truly, JOHN SEERITTER."

This card has never been discovered by Mr. Seeritter; some of his friends have attempted to repudiate the document, but the evidence of its being a forgery was not forthcoming. If Mr. Seeritter's name had been attached to the card without his consent, it was his duty to at once apprise the public of the fact; but he has not done so, and it is now too late to attempt it. We take Mr. Seeritter at his word—we look upon him as "retired from the ring," and unwilling to play any more matches. Had he won the match, that "unfortunate card" would have answered the purpose intended by Mr. Seeritter and his friends. In losing—an event not looked for—the card stars Mr. Seeritter in the face like an evil genius, and proclaims the date of his defeat and the time at which he gave up match-playing at billiards. We know not whether Mr. Phelan claims the title of champion, but presume he does, under the circumstances. Should any other gentleman dispute his claim, be he native or foreign, we have no hesitation in saying that we believe that Mr. P. will be found "the right man in the right place." He has not yet retired. There seems an earnest disposition to force Mr. Phelan into another match with Seeritter. Should public opinion demand it, which at present it does not, let Mr. Phelan meet the Detroit player in this city, and let the stakes be sufficient to remunerate the winner. If Mr. Seeritter's friends are again so sanguine of success, let them make the stakes \$20,000.

A COLUMN OF GOLD.

A certain preacher, addressing himself to ladies who wear exaggerated hoops, said recently, "Remember how narrow are the gates of Paradise!"

An Irishman being asked the meaning of a "Malden Session," replied it was one at which none but female prisoners were to be tried.

Cicero said of a man who had ploughed up the ground in which his father was buried, "Hoc est verè colere monumentum patris"—this is really cultivating one's father's memory!

"Is not that a thin fellow?" said an Englishman to Paddy. "I do think I never saw, in all England, a man so very thin." "Och!" said Paddy, with a chuckling whoop, "do you call him thin? why, I know a man in Ireland that's as thin as two av him."

Says a bean to a lady, "Pray name, if you can, Of all your acquaintance the handsomest man?" The lady replied, "If you'd have me speak true, He's the handsomest man that's the most unlike you."

Learning is always valuable. The student is always respected. His vocation is honorable. The spirit of scientific inquiry seldom enriches a man, but it wins him immortality. Whoever saw a statue erected to the memory of a man who devoted his life to the amassing of wealth? Who has not seen statues of men who have devoted their lives to the developments of truths, mental or physical? It is only those who, like the "old fogey" in the play, despise things intellectual—that say, "Don't investigate anything new, my boy, 'cause there's a thousand odd things of more consequence to look arter—the first of which is number one."

What the Husband said.

We lived for one and twenty years As man and wife together; I could no longer keep her here, She's gone, I know not whither; Her body is bestowed well, A decent grave doth hide her; I'm sure her soul is not in hell, The devil can't abide her. I rather think she's up aloft, For in the last great thunder, Methinks I heard her very voice Rending the clouds asunder.

Obituary.—The muse of the editor of the *Placerville* (Cal.) *Observer* has been inspired by the death of a goat, which for years had ranged the streets of that city. The *Observer* says: "He was so strong in his position that no one except indiscreet boys had ever attempted to oust him. At the earnest solicitation of many friends, Dr. Blunders held a post mortem examination upon the body, and it was ascertained that the stomach was full of pears and had ruptured the system."

No more upon the accustomed hill Shall capricious roars at will, Nor at the barn below it; His aged form lies cold and still— Alas! poor William Go-it!"

A couple of "skinkers" who recently had a quiet conversation upon the value of the fur of different animals, finished up with the following: "Sam, can you tell a skink what makes skunk skins so fashionable fur?" "Well, I s'pose, Jack, it's becuz yer kin smell 'em so fur!"

In a convivial assembly, some of the company questioning whether the hamlet of Auburn, in the county of Westmeath, was really the subject of Dr. Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," and a doubt arising from the doctor's not having been actually on the spot when he composed that pathetic piece, an old Irish gentleman present, with the seal of a warm defender of his country's rightful honor, exclaimed, "Why, gentlemen, was Milton actually in hell when he wrote his 'Paradise Lost'?"

A Pica for Squinting Women.

If ancient poets Argus prize, Who boasted of a hundred eyes, Sure greater praise to her is due Who looks a hundred ways with two.

Travelling at the Expense of the State.—One of the best tricks we remember is that of Reubens, who, being at Marseilles without money, and desirous of going to Paris, filled some phials with brick dust or ashes, labelled them as containing poison for the Royal Family of France, and put them where he knew they would be discovered. The bait took, and he was conveyed as a traitor to the capital, where the discovery of the jest occasioned universal mirth.

How to tell a Hard-shell Baptist.—A traveller called at nightfall at a farmer's house, the owner being from home, and the mother and daughter being alone, they refused to lodge the wayfarer.

"How far, then," said he, "to a house where a preacher can get lodgings?"

"Oh! if you are a preacher," said the lady, "you can stop here."

Accordingly he dismounted; he deposited his saddle-bags in the house, and led his horse to the stable. Meanwhile the mother and daughter were debating the points as to what kind of a preacher he was.

"He cannot be a Presbyterian," said one, "for he is not dressed well enough."

"He is not a Methodist," said the other, "for his coat is not the right cut for a Methodist."

"If I could find his hymn-book," said the daughter, "I could tell what sort of a preacher he is." And with that she thrust her hands into the saddle-bags, and pulling out a flask of liquor, she exclaimed,

"Lo! mother, he's a hard-shell Baptist."

Your comedy I've read, my friend,

And like the half you pilfer'd best; But sure the piece you yet may mend: Take courage, man, and steal the rest!

Mother's Love.—Lamartine tells a story that exquisitely illustrates a mother's love:

In some spring freshet, a river widely washed in his shores and rent away a bough whereon a bird had built a cottage for her summer hopes. Down the white and whirling stream drifted the green branch with its wicker cup of unfledged song, and fluttering beside it, as it went, the mother bird. Unheeding the roaring river, on she kept, her cries of agony and fear piercing the pauses of the storm.

How like the love of the old-fashioned mother who followed the child she had plucked from her heart all over the world. Swept away by passion that child might be, it mattered not, bearing away with him the fragments of the roof tree though he did, yet that mother was with him a Ruth through all his life, and a Rachel at his death.

The first step towards love is to play with a cousin.

That was a fine comparison of Mr. Slow's, who, when troubled with an inflamed toe, begged every one who came near it to be careful, because it was as tender as a chicken.

"What a strain that is," said Mrs. Partington, as she heard an aria from Lucia sung in the highest style by a young lady where she was visiting.

"Yes," was the reply, "it is operatic."

"Upper attic, is it?" said she; "I should think it was high enough to be on top of the house." Mrs. Partington does not believe that mere screaming constitutes melody.

Rather an odd story comes to us fresh from Paris. An amateur of the violinello once played before Rossini with such fire and soul, that the great maestro, in the middle of the performance, rushed at the player, and rapturously kissed him on the forehead. "Since that time," says the triumphant scraper of catgut to a friend, "I have never washed the spot." The mystery is solved why the artists are many of them so dirty—they have been kissed by Rossini.

Brilliant thoughts are often slow in their formation, like the diamond. Thomas Moore was frequently occupied three weeks in writing a song. Theodore Hook often took about the same time to perpetrate an "improvisation." Sheridan was frequently employed all day in getting up a joke, which was supposed by some to be the inspiration of the moment. And yet, with these facts fully established, many a poor fellow is yelled at, suddenly and unprepared, after a dinner, and laughed at for making a Judy of himself.

There can be no doubt that Jenkins still occasionally looks in at the office of the *Morning Post*, and polishes a pair of boots or does a paragraph. His hand is evident in the subjoined extract from a critical notice, in that journal, of a print representing some ladies, and named *The Bouquet of Beauty*:

"Few modern artists know better than Mr. Charles Baxter how to paint 'the sleepy eye that speaks the melting soul,' to imitate the fascinating undulations of the female form, or give voluptuous glow and solid softness to youthful flesh and blood."

La! Mr. Jenkins, what a man you are!—says Betsy.—*Punch*.

A Polish Superstition.—It is a Polish superstition that each month has a particular gem attached to it, which governs it, and is supposed to influence the destiny of persons born in that month. It is therefore customary among friends, and lovers particularly, to present each other, on the anniversary of their natal day, with some trinket containing their tutelary gem, accompanied with an appropriate wish.

January.—Jacinth or garnet denotes constancy and fidelity in every engagement.

February.—Amethyst preserves mortals from strong passions, and insures peace of mind.

March.—Bloodstone denotes courage and secrecy in dangerous enterprises.

April.—Sapphire or diamond denotes repentance and innocence.

May.—Emerald, successful love.

June.—Garnet insures long life and health.

July.—Ruby or corallian insures the forgetfulness or cure of evils arising from friendship or love.

August.—Sardonyx insures conjugal felicity.

September.—Chrysolite preserves from or cures folly.

October.—Aquamarine or opal denotes misfortune and hope.

November.—Topaz insures fidelity and friendship.

December.—Turquoise (or malachite) denotes the most brilliant success and happiness in every condition of life.

Personal.

The Cincinnati Enquirer of the 5th is assured by a gentleman from New York that Teresa Bogioli (Mrs. Sickles) is preparing for the stage, and will appear on the boards next Autumn.

Mr. J. SMART, of St. Paul, Minn., was recently prosecuted by a young widow for breach of promise. He settled the difficulty by marrying her. He made her smart lest she should aim.

A young couple belonging to Minneapolis were married at the Falls of Minnehaha in the open air on the 2d inst.

Wives are cheap in Delaware. The *Georgetown Messenger* relates that one was sold in that State the other day for \$7 and a dog.

The well-known actress, Mrs. John Wood, arrived from California on Saturday in the Star of the West. Her husband caused the arrest of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Vining, for an attempt to take away his child on the Panama mail steamer, by which Mrs. Wood left for this port.

The Madrid journals of the 26th ult. relate the following circumstances: "As the Queen, on Good Friday, was, according to custom, washing the feet of some poor old women, her Majesty's bracelet fell off, and one of the women, picking it up, offered it to her Majesty. 'My good woman,' said the Queen, 'since the bracelet has fallen so near you, keep it.' Of course, the woman was profuse in her expressions of gratitude. The Duchess de Modena-Celi, who was present, told the old woman that she would buy the bracelet of her, and a jeweller having estimated it to be worth 17,000 reals (4,250 francs) the duchess gave that sum."

The New York Ledger announces that Mr. Bryant will hereafter contribute his poems to the columns of that journal.

Mrs. Way and Professor W. Leon left New Orleans on the 3d inst. in a balloon, came down too low, the anchor caught in a tree, and they had to remain all night, suspended at some forty feet above the earth, and not able to descend on account of the darkness. Finally, when day came, Miss Way let herself down, with the aid of a rope, and went in search of help. The balloon was got down safely.

A LITERARY NECK-TIE.—A waiter in one of our Philadelphia exchanges, describing a fashionably-dressed young gentleman, says that he wore "a blue silk neck-tie, knotted with the graceful ease of one of Macaulay's sentences." Who says we are not a literary people?

SAM SLICK NOT A KNIGHT AFTER ALL.—A Springfield (Mass.) correspondent sends to the Tribune the following interesting information:

"In your paper of the 16th inst. you say that Judge Haliburton (Sam Slick) has been knighted. This is a mistake. The present Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, the Hon. Brenton Halliburton, is the person who was knighted. It was probably an allusion made to Queen Victoria and her father, in a poem written by the Chief Justice, which procured him the title, of which he is every way worthy. The Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria, was Commander-in-Chief of all the forces in British North America; and the present Chief Justice, when a young man, was an officer under him when he was in Halifax. I remember him well myself, having been born in Halifax. 'Sam Slick' was a Judge of an inferior Court, but as unlike Sir Brenton Halliburton as you can well conceive two men could be. The latter is a venerable old gentleman, over eighty years of age."

The Newport News tells the following story: "Duncan Pell, Esq., has just commenced the erection of a new fence in front of his mansion, on Mary street, in this city. On one of the posts is the following manuscript:

"The proposed fence is to be 60 feet long, 3½ feet rails and coping; to be finished this week. Mr. Eaton is the carpenter, and Mr. Fludder the mason. The work is to be done by the day.

"Terms cash.

"Messrs. Fish & Eggs furnish the lumber.

"I hope this will be satisfactory to the public.

"April 25, 1859."

To this the *National Intelligencer* thus narrates the sequel: "It was on the first night of the to-be dry month of May, 1859—the month of flowers and balmy zephyrs, passionate attraction, green peas and other affinities—that Duncan Pell lay buried in the arms of slumber. A loud and terrible rapping aroused him. It was continued. Rap, rap, rap! Starting from sleep, Duncan looked forth into the moonlight. A dark form was pounding away at the door. As Pell looked from the window, the form cried aloud: 'Say, you, Mister Pell, be you agoin' to have this 'ere fence white or yaller washed?'"

The Mercantile Library Association held their annual election on Tuesday of last week. As usual, at its close, "the boys" had an uproarious time, and ended their performance with the firing of a couple of ash barrels in front of the hall on Astor place, kicking them to pieces, and singing, with shouts of glee, the antiquated but favorite old song, commencing,

"Old John Brown had a little Indian."

AN APPALLING CASUALTY.

Shipwreck of the American Ship Pomona, and Loss of nearly Four Hundred Lives.

FROM the Wexford Constitution, of April 30th, we obtain the following details of the wreck of the American ship Pomona, and the loss of between three and four hundred lives.

The splendid clipper ship Pomona, 1,600 tons burthen, of New York, left Liverpool on Wednesday, with a crew of thirty-six sailors, in addition to the captain, Charles Merryew, and with passengers for New York, to the number of about three hundred and eighty. She left the Mersey with a fair and full breeze, and everything seemed to be going on well to a late hour; almost in a moment the hopes of her living freight were blighted, the ship struck, and nothing but death and desolation lay before them. Many of the passengers and a portion of the crew had retired to their respective berths at an early hour, but a large number, more cheerfully inclined, had congregated together in the saloons, and were singing and dancing up to a late hour, their being both a fiddler and piper on board. As the night advanced, however, the breeze freshened into a strong gale, before which the gallant ship flew, as it were, towards her destination, and most of the remaining passengers turned in.

By some means, which at present we have been unable to ascertain with accuracy, the captain, when nearing Tuscar, seems to have lost his reckoning and mistaken his position, for a little past midnight the ship was driven on to a sandbank, some seven miles off Ballyconigar, near to Blackwater, the sea making a clear breach over her and sweeping her decks. The passengers rushed in crowds to the deck, most of them but partially dressed, and many with only their night clothes on. For a short time a wild scene of terror and confusion ensued, which, however, gradually subsided as the calm orders of the captain were obeyed by the crew, and something like order was re-established. The pumps were quickly manned, and it was found that the vessel was fast making water; but the captain was in hopes that if the weather moderated, he should be able in the morning to land all his passengers by means of his boats. In this, however, he was doomed to be disappointed, as the gale continued with increased fury during the whole of the day. In the course of the morning, an attempt was made to launch the life-boats, but they were stove in and their crews drowned.

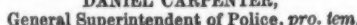
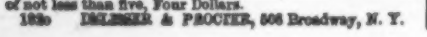
In this fearful state of suspense they remained till towards evening, when the ship, which had till then remained firm on the bank, slipped off by the stern into deep water, and commenced rapidly to fill. The whale boat was then launched, and a number of the crew and passengers rushed in to her. The captain, in the hope of being again driven on to the bank, let go the best bower anchor, but all his exertions were fruitless, and, though more than forty men were working at the pumps, the water gained upon them so fast that, in less than an hour, she sunk. The heart-rending scenes that must have occurred during that hour are fearful to think of, but are only known to God, for, beyond those in the boat, not a soul was saved. The captain and first and second mates remained on the sinking ship, the only officer in the boat being the third mate, Stephen Kelly, who succeeded in reaching the shore, in company with eighteen others of the crew and three passengers, five being washed out in their passage from the vessel.

On visiting the shore in the neighborhood of the wreck, at a later hour, nothing whatever was to be seen of the vessel, very little of which was washed ashore. On the beach at Ballyconigar, however, were found the lifeless remains of several of the unfortunate passengers, which were removed to the boat-house near there to await an inquest.

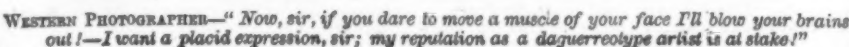
We were informed on Saturday by a gentleman, Mr. Allen, from Wexford, that when the vessel sank the shrieks of those on board could be heard on the main land.

Peculiar Sympathies of Birds.—It has been asserted that the affections of a little bird may be secured for life. But, it may be asked "Can all people tame birds so easily?" We reply, no; certainly not. Birds have hearts, like ourselves; and their sympathies are as strong as ours. They are full of discernment; and they instinctively know who is kind and loving. There are certain persons by whom birds can never be won over. Their gardens are deserted by the feathered tribes; nor are their caged birds in any more susceptible than the others. There is no affinity—no sympathy. Hence, the incessant inquiry, "How shall I tame my birds?" While nature continues to be so outraged as she is, even the birds intuitively shun us; thus proving themselves our superiors, by turning their backs upon had company.

FRANK LESLIE, 18 Frankfort Street.



WESTERN PHOTOGRAPHER—"Now, sir, if you dare



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